TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME II | SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1925 | NUMBER 17

The Writing of English

IF RHETORICS, composition books, manuals, guides could of themselves assure the writing of good English, our prose style should now be purer than Chaucer's well; but a multitude of text-books is no more a guarantee of good writing than a million of books on etiquette is a warrant of good manners. It remains to be proved that the congregations who heard two sermons each Sunday were more moral than their agnostic descendants.

That there is so much imperfect English after such a pressure of honest endeavor in teaching, is best explained by the vast number now to be educated, who in the past would not have written at all, and who may properly regard their slovenly grammar and stilted phrasing as so much won from illiteracy. But what of the more fortunately gifted who surely with the impact of so many books, such determined counsellors from earliest youth up to correspondence courses for the middle-aged, should have developed a new prose style for modern America and justified the concern of their elders? We have good writers of course, but only the least fastidious in our tongue could name this an age of supple, or beautiful, or rich, or forceful, or anything but varied and useful styles in English.

If we get little style in English, the text-books teach even less. Good English in their view is first and last clear English, which means English that is plain, unsubtle, direct; it is typewritten English where the meaning jumps to the eye at a glance. Not the infinite complexities of my emotions, nor the baffled struggling of my thought, but what I can readily express in easy sentences neither too long nor too short, is what the rhetorics teach.

They are right to teach thus, for the mind of the young writer is a yeasty mass of unformulated desires and undirected emotions. It surges with aspirations which begin as mighty heavings of the dough and emerge as bursting bubbles. Order, restraint, clarity are steps in a discipline which the most imaginative need most; and failure to mark them would result in floods of wild words. Fortunately undisciplined writers, like clocks without pendulums, soon tick themselves into silence.

* * *

Yet the text-books are wrong when they make, as in effect they do make, a sermon on accuracy the sum of good English. Accuracy is enough for the dictator of business letters; for the professional writer it is only the first step. He can be as accurate as a slate roof and as clear as a plate glass window and yet have no more life in him than a billboard or a declension. He will never develop a style worthy the name unless he struggles with half meanings, gropes in personality, yields to passion, fancy, intuitions, and much else opposed in every way to simple clarity.

There must be two Muses at the elbow of every writer ambitious of the best in English, one to hold back while the other pulls on, one for discipline and the other for expansiveness; one to teach grasp, the other reach; one with a set of principles, the other with a vision of truth, beauty, hope, and unlimited accomplishment.

And if one asks why so many clear and simple books produce so many dull and flat writers, the answer may be that there is too much starching and ironing of poor material. We laugh at the older rhetorics with their talk of the sublime, of the great style, of dignity, of eloquence. But at least the authors of these treatises promised to able writers something more inspiring than unity, coherence, and emphasis. They implied, even if they took no means to secure it, an active intellect, stirred by passionate ideas, and quite as desirous to express itself as to discover how to be obvious to others.

The weakest element in American literary prose is its style. In the novel, in drama, in poetry, in the essay, whether our work is superior or inferior to the English product, it is usually inferior in this respect. And if Americans lack style it is partly because they have been taught for a generation that good writing is clear writing, which is true, and that clear writing must be excellent writing, which is false. Water, except by the miracle of style, does not become wine.

Five O'Clock

By LEONARD BACON

"WHAT no more tea? Do have a cigarette."
You are very pretty, but it's very plain
That you don't see beyond the sh
That dog-eared arch, that bush-grown pa
Which somehow I can't manage to f et,
Despite your pleasant chat. But I re in
From comment. "Nice to see you on again,
Sorry you go tomorrow. Glad we met."

Tea! Cigarettes! Automobiles and calls
On ladies like yourself. Well it may be,
It would not add to your felicity
To know that aforetime, where you chattered thus,
The starving Goths yelled from the cracking walls
Shaken by the engines of Belisarius.

This Week

"Fishmonger's Fiddle." Reviewed by *Ben Ray Redman.*

"The Elder Sister." Reviewed by *Grant Overton.*

"Krakatit." Reviewed by *Ernest S. Bates.*

"Dipper Hill." Reviewed by *Zephine Humphrey.*

"The Panchatantra." Reviewed by *W. Norman Brown.*

"A Grammar of Politics." Reviewed by *Lindsay Rogers.*

Conrad Essays. By *J. DeLancey Ferguson* and *Donald Davidson.*

Next Week, or Later

Calverley of Christ's. By *Carr Rogers.*

"Thunder on the Left," by Christopher Morley. Reviewed by *Leonard Bacon.*

Published by Time Incorporated,
Publishers of TIME,
The Weekly News-Magazine

Physician and Humanist

By WILLIAM H. WELCH, M. D.

WHILE Carlyle's conservative statement that "a well written life is almost as rare as a well spent one" does not imply any necessary connection between the two, it is delightful to find that Dr. Harvey Cushing has linked to the well spent life of Sir William Osler a well written story* of that life, so rich in accomplishment, so strong in influence, so fine in character, so varied in interest. With full knowledge of the facts and events of Osler's life, admitted to close intimacy, himself not merely a spectator but often a participant in these events, possessed of the requisite literary skill, and impregnated with the Oslerian æther as truly as Boswell with the Johnsonian, Dr. Cushing has produced a biography fully satisfying the hungry anticipations of the host of friends, disciples, and admirers of Osler and of much interest to the general reader.

The subject of this biography, born in Canada and dying in Oxford in 1919, was a physician, endowed with singularly attractive qualities of mind, heart, and character, who attained the highest eminence as a clinician and a teacher in four important universities—McGill, Pennsylvania, Johns Hopkins, and Oxford. Not only the participation in the great forward movement of modern medicine, but also the events, the personal contacts, and tenacious friendships, the engaging character, the humanism, the historical and bibliographical studies, the extraordinary power by example and precept to inspire devotion and to influence ideals and conduct, especially of young men, all combine to impart to the story of Osler's life a variety of interest scarcely matched in other medical biographies. This interest is in large part intimate and personal and differs from that found in the lives of great creative minds in medicine and science, as of Pasteur, Darwin, Huxley, Lister, Helmholtz, Virchow, Koch, whose "official" biographies fill much smaller space than the 1430 pages of Cushing's "Life of Osler."

* * *

Goethe's saying that every one is a citizen of his age as well as of his country was particularly applicable to Osler, who was not only a great international figure but also possessed of the international mind in a measure which even the tragedy of the World War, bringing the overwhelming sorrow of his life in the death of his only son, could not shatter. It is, therefore, no digression when the author without ever losing sight of his central theme and without confusing biography with history, places his subject in the proper setting by succinct and skilful presentation of surrounding and contemporary conditions, both local and general. He thus succeeds in bringing Osler "into proper alignment with that most remarkable period in the annals of medicine through which he lived and of which he was a part." Yet he does not attempt a critical appraisal of Osler's professional contributions and accomplishments. His theme is Osler, the man, even more than Osler, the clinician, the teacher, the man of science. The interest and appeal

*THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM OSLER. By HARVEY CUSHING. New York: Oxford University Press. 1925. 2 vols. $12.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the work are naturally strongest to physicians and students of medicine, but they reach as well to the general public.

The story of Osler's ancestry and early life is fascinatingly told. The student of heredity will find in the sturdy Anglo-Saxon-Celtic stock of the Anglican missionary father and the intellectually alert and vigorous mother, who survived her hundredth birthday, and in the family record, ample evidence in support of Galton's opinion, approved by Charles Darwin, "that education and environment produce only a small effect on the mind of any one and that most of our qualities are innate." *L'âme bien née* was Osler's natural endowment. On the death of an older brother in 1901, a Canadian paper referred to the family as one which "had produced more distinguished men that any other contemporary family in the Commonwealth."

There are certain interesting parallels between the education of Osler and that of Darwin. Both were originally intended for the Church and entered college with the expectation of becoming clergymen; each came under the influence of a clerical naturalist of no special originality, but of scientific enthusiasm combined with religious zeal; Osler walked with Father Johnson as Darwin "walked with Henslow," a phrase thereby made memorable as descriptive of the best type of education; diatoms and polyzoa played for Osler the rôle which beetles did for Darwin in stimulating interest in natural history. Darwin, however, never attained the almost sublime height of Osler's Hippocratic reverence for his teachers. In his life there was no haunting personality as of James Bovell, M. D. in Osler's life.

Osler's type of mind thus early made manifest on the scientific side was distinctively that of the descriptive naturalist, and so it remained to the end, even in his study of disease—interrogating nature by keen, accurate observation rather than by experiment, asking "what" rather than "why" or "how," delighted and contented with the study of form and obvious function without great concern for explanations, theories, and speculations, addicted to the collection of specimens.

* * *

The two years' study following graduation in medicine at McGill University in 1872, spent in England, Germany, and Vienna, were of the utmost importance for Osler's subsequent career. During the ten years of Osler's professional life in Montreal and the five years in Philadelphia he laid that solid scientific foundation for his clinical work which the cultivation of pathology in early professional years has been for most clinical physicians rising to high eminence since the beginning of the nineteenth century. Transplantation to other fields never uprooted the friendships and local attachments there formed. His great opportunity came with his call to the chair of medicine in the Johns Hopkins University with the opening of the Johns Hopkins Hospital in 1889. Here were spent the sixteen golden, most productive years of his life, and here he made his two greatest contributions to medicine, the most important being the creation of the first medical clinic worthy of the name in any English speaking country, and the other the publication in 1892 of his text book presenting, with rare literary skill and unexampled success, the principles and practice of medicine adequately and completely for the first time in English after the great revolutionary changes brought about by modern bacteriology.

Osler left no doubt of the nature of his professional ambitions which he summarized in an address at a farewell dinner given by the profession of the United States and Canada in 1905 as being first "to rank with eminent physicians of the past" whom he names, an ambition more than fulfilled, and second "to build up a great clinic on Teutonic lines, not on those previously followed here and in England, but on lines which have placed the scientific medicine of Germany in the forefront of the world. And if I have done anything to promote the growth of clinical medicine it has been in this direction, in the formation of a large clinic with a well organized series of assistants and house physicians and with proper laboratories in which to work at the intricate problems that confront us in internal medicine. For the opportunities which I have had at Johns Hopkins Hospital to carry out these ideas I am truly thankful."

If the omission of these significant words from the biography, which extracts another part of the same address, be due to fear of antagonizing a certain body of public sentiment by the reference to Germany, this feeling might have been partly allayed by pointing out that Osler improved upon the German model by engrafting upon it the English system of clinical clerkships—a feature indicated by Dr. Cushing in the beautiful dedication of the work which embodies the sentiment of the epitaph desired by Osler for himself: "Here lies the man who admitted students to the wards." His clinic was pervaded by the true spirit of scientific inquiry and here were trained assistants and workers who became distinguished clinicians and investigators. His own contributions to medical knowledge were many and valuable, although his name is associated with no great scientific discovery. It is, however, attached to two diseases, to which the biographer suggests adding a third.

* * *

Osler was well aware of the need of improvement and further development of the clinic and writes to his successor: "Much remains in the way of organization for higher lines of work." Although he himself could not have carried longer than he did the double burden of conduct of the clinic and an ever increasing consulting practice, he was not in sympathy with the introduction later at the Johns Hopkins of the so-called "full time" system, intended to relieve the heads of the major clinics and some of their assistants from the necessity of engaging in private practice for a livelihood. Dr. Cushing has introduced in the second volume several passages expressive of Osler's opinions on this much discussed subject, which, by the way, should not be called, as is done by the author, "the Rockefeller programme," for it did not originate with any Rockefeller Board. Although Osler expressed himself generally in opposition, "he hedged a good deal," as the author remarks, and was evidently perplexed, as appears from a sentence following an expression of disapproval of full time teaching in an address in 1913: "At the same time let me frankly confess that I mistrust my own judgment, as this is a problem for young men and for the future." A correction should be made at the end of the foot-note in Vol. II, p. 420, for Osler's final utterance on this subject was not in the paper of 1915 there referred to, but in the open letter to the Dean of the Medical Faculty of McGill University, his own alma mater, written in August, 1919, only a few weeks before the onset of his last illness, from which a few phrases are quoted later in the volume, but with regrettable omission, in view of what had appeared in previous pages, of the essential part of the letter urging the appointment of "whole-time, or if thought wiser, largely so," heads of clinics and of assistants, "whole and part time."

* * *

In the 375 pages devoted to the Baltimore period is presented a vivid narrative of the life of the mature Osler, the great physician and teacher, in the full vigor and plenitude of his powers, with his professional and intellectual interests fully developed and given free scope. Here one can follow Osler's important share in the great reforms of hospital organization and medical education effected at the Johns Hopkins, his inspiring methods of clinical teaching, his intimate relations with staff and students, his inimitable ways with patients, his establishment and rejuvenation of medical societies, for which he had a ravenous appetite, his helpful participation in the life of the community and of the local profession, his championship of the cause of public health, his stirring addresses, and many other activities all told with a wealth of detail and of anecdote, which make the real Osler live again for the reader. His joy in the companionship of children was a striking trait. Perhaps the playful wit and humor and zest of the many practical jokes and pranks and mystifications somewhat evaporate when committed to paper, but the impression of a radiant and sympathetic personality, of a lovable, generous, and delightful friend and companion, and of an inspiring teacher, is firmly fixed, and one can understand that his disciples are "sealed of the tribe" of Osler, the Chief.

Throughout the story the author dwells with merited enthusiasm upon Osler's services in the anti-tuberculosis and other public health movements, and considers justifiable that his vigorous early participation in the world-wide campaign against tuberculosis stands "in the forefront of the many public services he rendered." One pauses, however, when in another connection the feeling is expressed "that Osler's greatest professional service was that of a propagandist of public health measures," and is frankly startled when the Philistinic remark follows that this "is a rôle as important as that of the laboratory scientist whose cloistered studies supplied the knowledge on which our whole public health movement is based"—that is to say of a Pasteur or a Koch. There might possibly be acquiescence in the former statement in England where Osler had no real clinic nor opportunity for important clinical teaching, but after all he was a clinician, not a sanitarian, and as already indicated won his brightest laurels in the field which he cultivated so assiduously and successfully and where his professional ambitions lay. It is not necessary to shift these laurels in order to appreciate properly the aid which he rendered to the movements of public health, in which he was deeply interested. He had the "dæmonic" faculty, which awakens intelligent enthusiasm in others.

* * *

Particularly well told are all the circumstances connected with Osler's call to the Regius Professorship of Medicine at Oxford and with his departure from Baltimore in 1905, including the commotion caused by the "Fixed Period" valedictory address, cited some years later in an article entitled "The Confessions of a Yellow Journalist" as one of the two best known modern examples of persons victimized for the purpose of "copy". His leaving was a serious loss to the Johns Hopkins Medical School to which he had brought great distinction and rendered services of inestimable value but under the circumstances no other decision could be expected. The chair at Oxford, notwithstanding its prestige, offers no opportunities for clinical work and teaching comparable with those which he was leaving at the Johns Hopkins and would not have tempted him a few years earlier. He had already declined attractive offers from Edinburgh, Harvard, and other Universities. But he was quite sincere in his oft expressed intention to resign active clinical teaching at sixty years of age. Above all he was physically for the time being literally at the end of his rope. No mortal could carry further the double burden, ever heavier, which he had assumed of the clinic and outside practice—he was the doctor's doctor—without neglect of one or the other. His letters to his colleagues at the time are full of such expressions as "I am on the down grade, the pace of the last three winters has been such that I knew I was riding for a fall." The call to Oxford offered an ideal opportunity to retire to a life of relative academic ease amid congenial and delightful surroundings, and ten years later he records in his account book that the experiment of this transplantation had been "most successful" —"extraordinarily happy years"—"The one thing I miss is the active teaching and the close association with students and a large group of young doctors, but I console myself with the thirty-one years of strenuous work I had in Canada and in the United States." As he often expressed it: "I have had my innings."

The interest of the story now shifts, but it never slackens, and as the end approaches the effect is cumulative. There remained fourteen years of anything but academic ease—years crowded with work, incidents, and experiences, surpassing in interest to the general reader those which had preceded.

While Osler's clinical contributions became fewer and less important, being derived largely from his American material, his literary output remained considerable, although in his account

(*Continued on page* 314)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beauty in the Mediocre

FISHMONGER'S FIDDLE. By A. E. Coppard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925.

Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

MR. COPPARD, I am told, lives alone in a small house in the midst of a forest, or at least a wood; and I am more than ready to believe my informant, for the author of "Fishmonger's Fiddle" writes precisely as a man should who lived in such a way. He writes, obviously, to please himself, and, obviously too, he plays the rôle of his own severest critic. Within his forest, or his wood, he is entirely independent. If his prose style owes this or that to any contemporary writer, the debt is too intangible or too obscure for me to trace. If portions of his prose matter be borrowed from any of his fellow penmen, I must plead ignorance of the lender's name. And so the fact, or myth, of the small house in the wood is peculiarly satisfying.

There are, to be sure, other men who are converting English peasant life into literature, but A. E. Coppard has required from them no hints as to possible subjects; his own embracing, selective eyes have seized upon these with an uncanny sense of latent values in the apparently unimportant, of beauty in the mediocre. And the language that he writes, whether you choose to call it the Queen's English or the King's English, is unassailably his own English by right of mastery. It is an idiom of infinite resource and flexibility, shaped to serve the ends of both beauty and utility. For the purpose of describing a barn-yard fowl it is unsurpassed; for the description of young love in a moment of awkward tenderness, it is no less admirable. In short it seems fit for the expression of almost all that a thoughtful spectator of life might seek to express, and in no wise is it constraining. As a master of evocative description, Mr. Coppard alternately employs a profusion of detail and a few economical phrases; but whether he writes briefly or at length he communicates his vision or his thought.

With a few chosen words he evokes a group as easily as he describes an individual with cumulative phrases, and it is typical of the easy sureness of his manner. By preference, it seems, he writes for the most part of the commonplace and the frankly ugly, permitting his prose no beauties save that of miraculously accurate transcription. Indeed, he has a *flair* for the ugly, for the revolting; such a *flair* as only those with an acute sense of loveliness can have,—such a *flair* as caused Rupert Brooke to write "Jealousy" and other poems of disgust. But when he frankly yields to beauty he loses none of his vigor in surrender.

If it seems strange that a reviewer should dwell at such length upon an author's manner as to leave scant room for any consideration of his matter, then the old argument must be reiterated that it is by manner that an author lives or dies. And Mr. Coppard, surely, depends in no degree upon his subjects for esteem. He writes of the burial of a donkey, whose stiff legs had to be hacked off that the carcass might fit into a shallow grave; he writes of Peter Finch who was determined to borrow a saw from Willie Waugh, and who did borrow it despite refusals; he writes of Alice Brady who was taken to the workhouse, and who died there at once because they put her, at her age, into a hot bath; he writes of a small girl with a passion for killing pullets and rabbits and other small creatures, and he writes of many other folk and incidents that to most persons would furnish no material for writing at all. A character, an anecdote suffices him; he has no need of plot to build a framework for his stories. Whatever art has gone into their making, their finished aspect is as natural as life itself. Beginning anywhere, they end abruptly or ramble on to some indeterminate conclusion. The machinists who teach the business of short stories can take no more comfort in A. E. Coppard than in Chekov or Katherine Mansfield; for them he is an outlaw, he will never hold a union card. But those who appreciate fine writing will find joy in his work, and such readers need not be told that in one tale he is at his best, while in another he has missed the mark. The quality of no man's writing is always even, unless it be always evenly [illegible] But when Coppard sets close to the farm- [illegible] soil he is never unsuccessful. It is [illegible] when he deserts the prime source of his [illegible] that each reader must decide for himself [illegible] just what instances the author has wandered too [illegible] afield.

Mr. Swinnerton at His Best

THE ELDER SISTER. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by Grant Overton

AT ITS best, as in "Nocturne" and "Young Felix," Frank Swinnerton's fiction has many touches of human and humorous charm; at its most vivid, as in "Coquette," intensity and drama arise from a scene of humdrum. Mr. Swinnerton's new novel, "The Elder Sister," blends both characteristics, but I don't mean to imply that it is a synthetic affair.

Not at all. The story concerns two sisters who fall in love with the same man, a young bank clerk in London. The sisters are twenty-one and twenty-two. Both work in offices and live at home. Anne, the elder, is a strong character, poised, sane, generous, quiet. Vera, who will always be much more immature, is passionate and unsteady.

The action is presented from alternate points of view, Vera's and Anne's, with a few pivotal

Wood engraving by Wilfred Jones for "A Sentimental Journey," by Laurence Sterne (Knopf).

chapters from Mortimer's angle. This is not a story which depends on a plot to engage and hold the reader. I see no objection to saying that the book opens on Vera's incipient jealousy of Anne; that Mortimer has eyes for Anne only and marries her; that too late he discovers his passion for Vera; and that Anne is betrayed. Mortimer and Vera go away together and the end of the book is a moment of courage in which Anne stands clearly and admirably forth. The portrait is complete.

You can readily see that unless almost every person is breathed upon with the breath of life, the thing will completely fail. Mortimer is least well done; he is childish, egotistical, base. At that, he is uncomfortably like most of his sex. Vera, whose behavior is almost as bad as Mortimer's, never forfeits the reader's sympathy, so intimately is she presented, so deeply is her unhappiness scored in scene after scene. Anne is a triumph of economical drawing.

Among the nicest things about the novel is the delineation of the girls' parents. There was a memorable father in "Nocturne" and Felix of "Young Felix" had a mother of importance. Dad and Mum in "The Elder Sister" are not less distinctive. Dad, very large, with a heavy bandmaster mustache and a lifelong passion for insurance, sits unshaken through a movie and reports: "Some very strange doings in those pictures," and cannot be prevailed upon to utter more. Mum, a little woman, is usually placid, but her penetration is not to be balked. "Anne, looking at her with a kind of loving indignation, realized that Mum was too much for her. Mum had always been too much for her, and would continue so until the end of her days." Yet in spite of her repose, there were the germs of hysteria in Mum; mysteriously she could become "like a cat on a windy night."

Arnold Bennett once noted Swinnerton's "disturbing insight into the hearts and brains of quite unfashionable girls." He has always had it and it is not absent from this new novel. He understands, as still too few men novelists do, the almost complete identification in the girl's mind of love with physical attraction. He understands to what lengths the force will carry. When his girls talk about a man, it is the talk of real life:

"He's a very short glistening dark man" (Anne is describing Mr. Sims, her employer) "and he's got little fat olive cheeks, and little fat olive hands; and not very nice eyes, and a sort of snubby nose. It's not a true snub, but something rather like. . . . It's the way his eyelids droop, and the way he looks at you, as if he was calculating. He looks sideways, very boldly."

It should be sufficient to say that "The Elder Sister" is among the best three novels Mr. Swinnerton has written. No book is so entirely representative of his gifts. It will completely satisfy an audience already large. It has the full reward of all he offers for those who come to the reading of a book of his for the first time.

A World by Flashlight

KRAKATIT. By Karel Capek. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by Ernest S. Bates

THIS is the most interesting tale of pseudo-science since the early work of H. G. Wells. "Krakatit" is the name of an explosive many times more powerful than anything hitherto discovered. A few grains of it are sufficient to demolish an entire city. It can be set off at a great distance by the use of magnetic waves. Its discoverer has realized the dream of releasing atomic energy. He is potentially the most powerful man in the world. What use will he make of his invention? Such is the sensational theme of Karel Capek's novel. It is developed in a fantastic, extravagant, and sufficiently thrilling manner.

Procop, the chemical genius who has accomplished the task of disintegrating the atom, is half-mad, a fevered frenzied being who is only completely happy when at work in a laboratory experimenting with explosives. This he does for its own sake, regardless of any use to which his discoveries can be put. When some of the precious grains of krakatit are stolen and he realizes the world-wide destruction that will follow if the secret of its production becomes known, he obstinately refuses offers of incalculable wealth and the hand of a princess rather than open his mouth. Otherwise, he is at the mercy of the impulses of demonic energy which are continually exploding within him and hurling him hither and yon like the disintegrated atoms of his own discovery. Everything about him is in excess. When he is ill, he suffers at one time from blood-poisoning, inflammation of the lungs, and meningitis. He has constant hallucinations, usually of the most horrible character. Strange powers, too, are his, reminding one at times of those claimed for the late Dr. Abrams; thus he can detect through touch the explosive quality of the atoms in different human bodies. Such a figure is born for remarkable adventures, and Procop storms and rushes through one after another without a moment's quiet save for the rather numerous occasions when he falls, or is knocked unconscious. Vague desires for peace, symbolized by his longing for the young woman in the veil, remain unattained until the final page when he falls into "a sweet and healing sleep, free from all dreams."

The story has tremendous driving force. It hustles and hurtles the reader, bombards all his senses at once, exacerbates his nerves, and leaves him stunned and exhausted. Never was so restless a style. Paul Morand, Michael Arlen, Ronald Firbanks, and other modern specialists in speed are far outstripped. As a bruiser, too, Capek is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hardly to be equalled. He batters ribs and stomachs, delivers terrific upper cuts, and lands knock-out blows so frequently that most of the time the reader is on the floor gasping for breath. His mastery of the nauseating surpasses that of Zola, Joyce, and the crankiest Atlantic liner. His heroines are so passionate that their moist lips positively kiss the pages. The upper ideational centers are never involved. Abstract thought, reflection, reason seem simply non-existent.

Karel Capek has, indeed, many of the qualities of a best-seller, but he is far from really belonging in that category. His extravagance is a genuine attribute of modern life, which, particularly in its phantasmagoric quality, he depicts with inner truth. His is a world seen by flash-light, which is the only way in which anyone now has time to see it at all. The rush, the whirl, the madness of contemporary life express themselves in his work without comment. If one would like to be more sure that Capek's comments would be wise, if he made them, that after all is irrelevant. A more philosophic temper would doubtless lend a firmer structure and greater lucidity to his work. But it would make him less expressive of the time in which he lives.

A Sombre Epoch

SAMUEL DRUMMOND. By THOMAS BOYD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

THERE is no rattling of sabres and no rolling of drums in this historical novel. Although a four-years war leaves its mark on all of the characters and takes two years from the life of Samuel Drummond the strains of Thomas Boyd's book are anything but martial. Mr. Boyd is concerned with the ploughshare, not the sword.

In this definite and conscious departure from a style that has been wedded to historical romance the author sacrifices much glamour and a superficial sort of engrossure, but he gains far more because he makes his story as vital as any discussion of contemporary problems. Instead of showing us the past like a moving picture reel, he moves our consciousness back into the Civil War era, in which his tale is set, until our own age seems some foreign and unintelligible thing. Thus we see the questions which perplex that generation not as fantastic adventures but as pertinent problems, and we apprehend its individuals not as dressed-up children in an historical pageant but as normally motivated men and women.

Mr. Boyd achieves this as much by his omissions as by his distinctive treatment. I doubt whether there is any mention of Abraham Lincoln in the book, and I know that the cloud of conflict gathers as imperceptibly in his pages as it must have gathered in the early 'fifties. Nevertheless, one gets from this story a thorough appreciation of the historical past as well as a stirring glimpse into a soul which is as profound as it is silent. Mr. Boyd has evoked his novel; he did not manufacture it.

Samuel Drummond is a hero in the manner of the European epics of the soil—powerful, inarticulate, and essentially sombre. His life is at once a pastoral idyll and a stark tragedy, though we never find him in a truly joyous mood and we leave him fairly healthy and comparatively well-to-do. The secret lies in Mr. Boyd's skilful portrayal of a harmonious married life and, at the same time, in a superb exposition of the vast difference between his hero's potentiality and his realization.

Obviously there is nothing original in this phase of Mr. Boyd's theme. The literature of every people contains eloquent testimony to the hopeless conflict between the desires of the spirit and the demands of the soil. But, whereas the European writers find failure the inevitable end for their peasants, our author begins with a pæan to the opportunities and glories of early American rustic life. When Samuel Drummond marries his cousin and starts his team on the spanking ride to a 240-acre farm in Ohio, he is clearly bound for victory. Hard work there is, but also time for fiddle playing, for a rich community life, and even for soul communion.

Then comes the Civil War. Samuel is little concerned about its causes or its possible results; however, the pressure of public opinion forces him to join the armies of the North. We learn nothing unusual of his life as a soldier but we know that meanwhile, despite the hard and heroic struggle of his lonely wife, wild nature has reclaimed the farm, and we realize immediately he returns that Samuel cannot repeat his victory. It remains for a German immigrant to wrest the land again from the wilderness.

It is not difficult to see that Mr. Boyd weaves a contemporary picture into the pattern of his historical tapestry. He means us to deduce that this tragedy was caused by war, a war which barely occupies a half-dozen pages of the book, but through which Samuel loses his contact with the soil, and therefore his fight with life for a happiness that both his powers and his virtues deserve. Today Samuel Drummond is one of those world-war veterans who does not cheer at American Legion conventions.

A Felicitous Novel

PORGY. By DU BOSE HEYWARD. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by LLOYD MORRIS

IN "PORGY" Mr. Heyward's equipment as a poet admirably serves the art of prose narrative. This novel, significant in its exploitation of a neglected area of American life, possesses beauty and eloquence as well as insight. Porgy is a simple, uneducated, elderly Negro, a professional beggar in the streets of Charleston, a cripple living in a swarming, dilapidated hive on the water-front. Mr. Heyward's novel relates the ironic tragedy of his Indian-summer of contentment and love, and the tale unfolds a swift, spare action that rises to a poignant climax. It plays upon a variety of emotions, ranging from moods of comedy and violence to pity, and the figures of Porgy and Bess emerge with the clarity and dignity of tragic actors overwhelmed in inevitable misfortune by an experience which they are incapable of controlling.

Much of the beauty of Mr. Heyward's novel derives from an unusual felicity of expression. Here his poetic endowment serves him well, for it is as a poet rather than a narrator that he has perceived and expressed the material world in which his drama is played. That world, in its warm indolence, its subtle gradations of tone and color, its casual, swarming movement, is conveyed with precision and becomes in itself a source of emotion in the reader. It is neither a romantic nor an inferior world; the reader contemplates it with a sense of its symbolic as well as its actual significance, and with, above all, a perception of its essential beauty. Mr. Heyward has resisted the obvious temptation, inherent in his subject matter, to produce a sociological study or a sentimental, "humorous" tale. He has lifted his materials to the level of art, and his novel has something of the intensity of primitive African sculpture.

Pastoral Vermont

DIPPER HILL. By ANNE BOSWORTH GREENE. New York: The Century Company. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

Author of "Mountain Verities"

TO LOVERS of outdoors in general and of Vermont in particular, the books of Anne Bosworth Greene are a delight. Two years ago appeared "The Lone Winter," and this year the announcement of a forthcoming "Dipper Hill" set us on the eager edge of anticipation. More Cressy Cow, more Goliath, more Boo, more Pip and Pud, above all more Big Missis—how could we wait? More, too, of our own beloved environment of hills and rocks and pastures which no pen or brush has ever yet sufficiently celebrated.

Vermont lives in Mrs. Greene's pages. For some years a landscape painter and now the wielder of a happy pen, she is doubly equipped to deal with beauty. "For it is all wild here. Infinite spruce-tops point into the sky; from them, white-throats sing. Black velvet of spruce is on the hills; gray walls wind into swamps or tangled woods. Over those walls look tiger-lilies—" "No moon is quite like the June moon. Its light is goldener than others; its shadows fall half on, half into, the long grass." "The petunias are little globes of beauty, with the moon, that low and old, behind them; their leaves darkly silhouetted, their transparent blossoms glowing.—Across the path are white pinks. Moonlight and their fragrance seem the same.—White moons above spun silver." "Rims of woods made a saving darkness, but the illumination was terrible. A terrible sky, all swords—a gold orchard, with crimson trunks."

* * *

But perhaps it is a mistake to quote Mrs. Greene first and foremost as a seer of beauty, for her robust personality impresses one primarily with its vigor and courage, its priceless humor, and its high-heartedness. What zest she takes in the daily round of a life that to many people would seem dull and monotonous! Her two books give the narrative, in journal form, of a winter and summer spent on a high remote farm, in the care and companionship of an assortment of animals. Shetland ponies, a cow, a dog, a cat—just that and nothing more they would be to most people, but to this woman and her enthralled readers they are the raciest individuals. Who, once having known her, can ever forget Cressy cow? And Boo. But, alas, Boo! It would perhaps have been kinder in Mrs. Greene to have prepared readers of "Dipper Hill" for the bitter pang awaiting them. Boo was the dearest person in "The Lone Winter." His little purring yellow form pervaded all the pages, warmed all the paragraphs. Never, surely, in literature, has a cat been more lovingly depicted. Then, in "Dipper Hill," page after page without him—what can be the matter? Where can he be? One reader, at least, gave a cry of dismay when she encountered the ominous words, "I woke this morning with a sort of screwed-to-the-bed feeling; and got thinking of Boo-boo."

* * *

"Dipper Hill" seems to me not quite so good a book as "The Lone Winter," but my judgment may be impaired by missing Boo. G'li is there, nicer than ever, and all the ponies (too many possibly?) and a delightful presence—that of "Little Missis"— who only flitted casually through the earlier volume. The relation between this mother and daughter and the life they live together is so sane and tender and strong that one wishes everybody in our world-weary generation could read about it.

Not to the Futilitarian school of writers (as Mr. Elmer Davis cleverly calls it) does Mrs. Greene belong. Life is to her immensely worth while, endlessly interesting. Like the exhilarating air of the hills she inhabits, her sentences blow the clouds from our brains, the mists from our eyes. This is human existence as it was meant to be, as it could be here and now, if we would only stop peering and fussing, hesitating and doubting, taking ourselves so seriously, indulging in so many wishes and regrets.

There is only one class of readers to whom we do not whole-heartedly recommend "The Lone Winter" and "Dipper Hill," and that is composed of Vermonters who, for one reason or another, are banished from their State. Let them, in self-protection, refrain from glancing at these pages. Their ensuing homesickness will be unendurable.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY ..... *Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENET ..... *Associate Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN ..... *Associate Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY ..... *Contributing Editor*

Published weekly by Time, Inc., Briton Hadden, President, Henry S. Canby, Vice-President, Henry R. Luce, Secretary-Treasurer, Penton Building, Cleveland, Ohio. Subscription rate, per year, postpaid: In the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4. Editorial offices, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. For advertising rates, address Noble A. Cathcart, Advertising Manager, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Circulation Manager, Roy E. Larsen, Penton Building, Cleveland, Ohio. Entered as second-class matter, at the Post Office at Cleveland, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1870. Vol. II. No. 17.
Copyright, 1925, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World's Oldest Fables

THE PANCHATANTRA, translated from the Sanskrit by ARTHUR W. RYDER. Chicago. The University of Chicago Press. 1925. $4

GOLD'S GLOOM: Tales from the Panchatantra. Translated by ARTHUR W. RYDER. The same. $2.

Reviewed by W. NORMAN BROWN

Johns Hopkins University

FOLK-TALES, coming to life in what primitive communities no one can say, travel inconspicuously by word of mouth from one land to another. In a more formal literary setting, individually or as collections, these same tales make ceremonious journeys over the world. Best known, most widely travelled of such collections is the Panchatantra.

This work was composed in India at a place and date not as yet determined by scholars, while a manuscript of the original text has never been discovered. In 570 A. D., however, a version of it was translated from Sanskrit into Pahlavi, or Middle Persian. This was the beginning of an extended wandering, in which under the names "Kalila and Dimna," "Anvar-i-Suhaili," "Directorium Vitæ Humanæ," "Buch der Beispiele," "Fables of Bidpai" (or Pilpai), and others, it spread over all Europe and Western Asia, from England to the Malay Peninsula.

The popularity of the Panchatantra has been due to two characteristics: first, the dramatic interest of the fables themselves coupled with their success, at a time when literature was almost entirely romantic, in portraying human nature as it is. It contains such well known tales as that of the clever rabbit that made the stupid lion jump at his reflection in a well, the tortoise that wanted to fly, the jackal that fell into an indigo vat, the birds electing a king. In modern times Panchatantra stories have even been found among American negroes. Uncle Remus's story of the Alligator fooled by Brer Rabbit's account of his de[illegible] gizzard is none other than that of the [illegible] who believed that the monkey had a [illegible] he hung on a fig tree. In all these [illegible]ness, rascality, hypocrisy, cowardice are [illegible]lly accepted as facts, and figure be[illegible] courage—whenever this is more dis[illegible]tacular—than discretion—self-sacrifice, and piety. The aim of the work is not merely to be entertaining but also, through allegory, to teach worldly wisdom, to show the young, and the old, how to get the greatest earthly prosperity.

In addition, the Panchatantra phrases forcefully, pithily, and yet figuratively, the average educated man's ideals. In the Sanskrit these bits of folk philosophy are expressed metrically in the choicest language. The verses have been polished by scholarly repetition among the best minds of the country, many of them having arrived at their present form thousands of years ago before ever the Panchatantra was fashioned, and are quoted in many other Indian works. Without the verses the Sanskrit text would be good fable, as is "Æsop" or Babrius; with them it becomes rare and precious literature.

❧ ❧ ❧

The first appearance of this collection in English was in 1570 when Sir Thomas North published "The Morall Philosophie of Doni," a partial translation from the Italian, which derived from the Latin, the Latin from Hebrew, this from Arabic, which last had come from the Pahlavi of 570 A. D. English renderings of other versions have also appeared, of which the best known is Charles Wilkins's translation of the Hitopadesha in 1787, still obtainable in Morley's Universal Library as "Fables and Proverbs from the Sanskrit."

Nevertheless, there was an opportunity for a new and popular translation, and probably no one better could have been found to make it than Professor Ryder. By ignoring the lexical and interpretive problems he has made a book that is definitely readable. His rendition of Sanskrit words and phrases does not always seem to the present reviewer correct, his translation of the proper names not always apt, the tone of a passage not always true; yet there is a general literary character that charms. His prose is sure; his verse at times almost as neat as that of the Sanskrit. Take, for example, the beginning of the story of "The Lionmakers":

> Scholarship is less than sense;
> Therefore seek intelligence:
> Senseless scholars in their pride
> Made a lion; then they died.

> In a certain town were four Brahmans who lived in friendship. Three of them had reached the far shore of all scholarship, but lacked sense. The other found scholarship distasteful; he had nothing but sense.
>
> One day they met for consultation. "What is the use of attainments," said they, "if one does not travel, win the favor of kings, and acquire money? Whatever we do, let us all travel."

Never, to my observation, does Professor Ryder miss a humorous point, in fact he seems at times to insert a Rabelaisian touch where none was intended. But the method doubtless enhances the interest of the narrative.

There is probably no book that better illustrates the mental attitude of Hindus toward life than does the Panchatantra. If it be fate, poverty, learning, pedantry, wit, the wiles of women, the false piety of ascetics, the greed of Brahmans—all are commented upon with the typical Hindu reaction; and, thanks to Professor Ryder's skill, that reaction becomes in the English at once comprehensible and delectable.

The longer of his two books is a complete translation of one Sanskrit recension of the Panchatantra, preserving the original arrangement of the tales one within another like so many Chinese boxes. The shorter book is composed of separate, selected tales, generally disconnected; it presents the spirit of the individual stories, though not of the entire collection. Those who love La Fontaine or John Gay will find a new pleasure in this presentation of the world's oldest book of fables.

Political Philosophy

A GRAMMAR OF POLITICS. By HAROLD J. LASKI. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1925. $6.

Reviewed by LINDSAY ROGERS

Columbia University

TO MR. LASKI belongs the honor of having written the most comprehensive and suggestive work on political science of the last thirty years. This is high praise, but it is deserved. Not since Professor Henry Sidgwick's "The Elements of Politics" (which appeared in 1891) has a single volume constructed a philosophy of the State and then proceeded to outline in great detail the political and economic institutions best adapted to translate theory into actuality. Most writing on politics is more specialized; it is focussed on the institutions of a particular country, or a special group of problems. Even a magistral work like Lord Bryce's "Modern Democracies" was primarily descriptive; he was more interested, that is to say, in political anatomy than in political physiology or pathology. His observations of institutions at work were extensive and valuable, but he rarely essayed a discussion of the successes or failures of particular adjustments in giving the State its proper rôle in the great society.

"A Grammar of Politics" is a book of much broader scope. Its first part completes the work which Mr. Laski began in 1915 when, by breaking critical lances against the traditional theories of sovereignty, he adumbrated his own brand of political pluralism. Now, in chapters on the purpose of social organization, sovereignty, rights, liberty and equality, property, nationalism, and authority viewed federally, he is still a pluralist; he continues to draw heavily from Gierke, Figgis, and Duguit, but his views have been sharpened by the objections raised to the earlier, and largely destructive, essays. The reader who is familiar with Mr. Laski's previous writings will discover few novelties, except in the details and qualifications of the portion of the present volume which is devoted to theory. Mr. Laski's philosophy is always challenging; whether it is convincing or not will depend upon the reader's will to believe. The sceptic will detect some major inconsistencies. Thus, there is the familiar insistence that, since there are limits which no legislature of elected persons will dare to exceed, sovereignty is a fiction; but how can this be reconciled with Mr. Laski's other principal proposition that administration is all important; that "a working theory of the State must in fact be conceived in administrative terms;" and that the "will of the State" is expressed "by a small number of men to whom is confided the legal power of making decisions?" Both theories may be true, but only with reservations that must be clearly stated.

Much the more interesting and, I think, valuable part of Mr. Laski's book is devoted to the institutions he considers necessary to establish the rights and liberties which he has postulated. There is, in this discussion, no professorial conservatism. Mr. Laski expresses definite opinions on pretty nearly every point of governmental organization. He sketches briefly, but clearly, his ideas of the relations that should exist between citizens as members of the body politic, and between citizens and their representatives; the merits of written and unwritten and rigid and flexible constitutions; the relations between citizens and representatives; the best methods of electing the legislature and its proper organization; the control that the legislature should exercise over the executive; the protection to be accorded the citizen against legislative or executive interference with his rights, and the proper division of functions between central and local authorities.

❧ ❧ ❧

As is perhaps inevitable, many of Mr. Laski's suggestions seem almost fantastic. Putting some of them into effect would so complicate the administrative machine that its bearings would soon burn out. In order to control his officials and to insure the continued interest of his citizenry in governmental decisions he proposes an elaborate hierarchy of Committees. Groups of consumers and of legislators would have advisory duties in connection with the services of the State. Through this device he would secure that continuous thought which is the essential atmosphere of efficient administration; but with authority so vaguely parcelled out, it would not, I fear, be long before his Committees were quarreling with each other. Similar caveats may be made to other adjustments that Mr. Laski proposes; but he would probably be the last man to insist that his schemes could be put into effect unchanged. Few readers will be convinced completely; but the suggestions that he makes will at least have to be pondered by, and will undoubtedly influence all future writers on the subject of remodelling political institutions.

The present volume has fewer of the faults which have characterized Mr. Laski's earlier writings. There is still a certain carelessness in proofreading and in syntax, and some of the sentences glitter but do not illumine. Indeed, a few are meaningless. At best, the style makes the book difficult reading, for he sometimes writes (as he himself might say), within the ambit of the penumbra of interstices instinct with the stream of tendency driven through affairs. Mr. Laski is never so nonsensical as this, but the words in the preceding sentence occur so repeatedly that the reader wishes he could have them all together once in a hopeless hodge-podge and never see them again. Mr. Laski's "Grammar," moreover, is one in which the principles of the science are first discussed, with some anticipation of the parts of speech, and then the parts of speech are exhaustively considered, with much repetition of the principles. Indeed, the book might be shortened by a third with slight loss of detail, and with a great gain in effectiveness. The sections on political and economic institutions and international organization might even stand by themselves.

In these defects, Mr. Laski's "Grammar" resembles Godwin's "Political Justice" published a century and a quarter ago; but that is high praise also for Godwin wrote an original and influential book. There is a familiar story of Pitt remarking to the Privy Council (apropos of possible proceedings against Godwin) that "a three guinea book could never do much harm among those who had not three shillings to spare." From his own point of view, Pitt overestimated the handicap, for four thousand copies of Godwin's book were sold. Mr. Laski's "Grammar" does not cost quite three guineas and it is to be expected that he, like Godwin, will exercise a tremendous influence on his contemporaries.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Physician and Humanist

(*Continued from page* 310)

book in 1915 he bewails that "it has been so much less than in the previous decade." Few physicians have ever felt a more imperative necessity to write and publish. As his biographer says: "Almost everything he did became grist to his literary mill." Much of his writing was journalistic—editorials, book-reviews, obituaries, brief notes on men, books, and questions of the day, travel and news letters, and the like—and it is surprising how well written and interesting are many of the fugitive pieces.

While Osler could and usually did write the most simple, clear, direct, terse, and forcible English, he indulged often when occasion and matter permitted, and sometimes without this permission, in recondite allusions, quotations, metaphors, analogies, and conceits reminiscent of his familiarity with the Bible and of the style of his favorite authors—to whom he stuck as he did to his other friends—as Sir Thomas Browne, Robert Burton, Donne, Montaigne—a style which would be considered in another artificial and pedantic, but so assimilated by him as to become almost his own idiom and natural literary garment. Although he did not profess to be a man of letters, he had the literary temperament and there is a general savour of letters in many of his writings. He was received as one of their own in the inner circle of literary scholars and lovers of books. There is a literary as well as a scientific side to almost everything, and he did much during his spacious life to bridge the wide gulf between the literary and the scientific worlds. His scholarship was less that of an *érudit* than of Macaulay's scholar, who reads his Plato with his feet on the fender, albeit in Jowett's translation, for his classical foundation was only moderate. Not only could he transcribe the facts of knowledge in diction befitting a scientific composition, but he had also that rarer gift, an imaginative sense of fact, which is the deepest secret of the literature of power. He was a transmitter, a transmuter, and a vitalizer of knowledge more than a creator. Osler did not abandon medicine for the muses, as did Goldsmith and Keats, nor cultivate them along with but apart from his profession, as did Arbuthnot, Akenside, for a time, Smollett, Weir Mitchell, and many other physicians, but he invited the muses, at least some of them, into the Temple of Æsculapius, the son of Apollo, and made them feel at home there.

With the passing years his love of books, his enamoured pursuit of the art and mystery of book-collecting, his devotion to libraries, both his own and those of others—"Every book," he used to say, "has its natural habitat"—and his studies in medical biography and bibliography, all interwoven from the beginning in the history of Osler's professional life, absorbed more and more of his time and eventually became his chief literary interest. His published papers and monographs in the field of medical biography and bibliography—"bio-bibliography" he called it following French usage—as those on Beaumont, Bartlett, Bassett, Dover, Linacre, Servetus, Fracastorius, Sir Thomas Browne, Burton, although less popular than his general addresses, are his most important contributions outside of clinical medicine. In a field where it is difficult for scholarship to escape the dryness of dust Osler was never dull and as Sudhoff, the most eminent living medical historian, as quoted by Garrison, remarks, "an essay of Osler's is worth many ponderous tomes of dry erudition." He often applied to himself Gibbon's admission that "he had drawn a high prize in the lottery of life," and surely his career also "represents a successful experiment in the great art of living." One cannot fail to be impressed with the almost perfect adaptation of his talents and temperament to the accidents and circumstances of his life, and not less with the dexterous ministration of these diverse external events to the orderly development and eventual fulfilment of purposes and ideals formed in youth and early manhood. Rarely has Alfred de Vigny's conception of a great life been more fully realized: "*Qu'est ce qu'une grande vie? Une pensée de la jeunesse exécutée par l'âge mur.*" Osler's characteristic good fortune has followed him beyond the grave by this complete and worthy record of his life.

The Bowling Green

Boboism

ITALIAN consuls, reporting to their government, note that the wine most esteemed in a prohibition country seems to be Asti Spumante. At least two of this autumn's American novels serve this to their phantoms. But won't Miss Cather, in allowing her Professor his little jaunt in Paris, spell the rue Soufflot correctly? Another thing that bothers me: why, when Professor St. Peter wanted to get back to Versailles, did he tramp all the way from the Luxembourg Gardens to the Gare St. Lazare? Why didn't he go from the Gare des Invalides?—After reading "The Professor's House" I realize that Captain David Bone's long campaign, earnestly supported by the Bowling Green, has so far had little effect. I mean the campaign to persuade people to call a ship a ship. To Miss Cather it is always a *boat*. To speak of the *Berengaria* as a boat is like calling the Louvre a cottage.

I can't help feeling, incidentally, that in "The Professor's House" Miss Cather is playing rather a cruel joke on her high-minded publisher and admirers. What a fine book it would be if the story were finished. Materials for a very effective tragedy are all carefully laid out on the workbench. The theme of the dead man's influence on the Professor and his family fills the reader with anxious and lively apprehensions. The colorful but too random interlude of Tom Outland's story is accepted because we imagine it will provide background for some important matter to come. And it never comes. All the preliminary symbolisms—the dressmaker's busts, for instance—which we have been holding intently in mind to see what they foreshadow—are lost because nothing is done with them. The book is as unfinished as Conrad's "Suspense." The loud shouts of Miss Cather's admirers must secretly amuse her; for I affirm that she must know this novel is only half a book as it stands. It is a perilous trick to play on her public; and alas, I say to myself, am I the only one who admires her enough to tell her so? The fact that cheerful critics have so highly praised the fragment seems to prove that they have no notion how big a book this might (and should) have been. It sketches out the plan of a finely symbolic and troublesome drama; all the little tensions are cunningly screwed up tight; a score of hints point us on toward the crisis—and the reader turns page 283 and falls rump-flat on one of Alfred Knopf's little essays about William Caslon the First. What avails it to know that the book was set up by Vail-Ballou and printed by Plimpton and papered by Etherington out of Scotland if the author thought so little of us as to leave the whole tale in a vacuum.

* * *

There are two capital temptations that have to be met by any sincere critic. First is the temptation to belittle things everyone else is overpraising: annoyance at indiscreet praise tends to push him into equally indiscreet undervalue. Second, more seductive still, the temptation to keep quiet about things that really should be reproached, because keeping quiet always seems easier and more amiable and causes less of the waste of time that embitters life. When the commentator on books can look into his heart and say that he has at any rate tried to resist those temptations; that he has not praised a book merely because it was compounded by an author and publisher he admires; that he has not kept silence because silence made life easier for him; in other words, when he has fulfilled the important function of breaking up a happy party, then he approaches the status of that honorable word *critic*.

* * *

The critics this year are suffering an exceptionally sharp epidemic of the great American disease, boboism. Bobo, if you remember Lamb's essay, was the urchin who burned down the whole house to roast a small suckling pig. Such a bonfire of adjectives crackles up every few days that if Compton Leith were to write a new "Sirenica" there would hardly be any fuel left to praise it. Suppose a critic were now to read, for the first time (as most of them will) Walt Whitman's preface to the 1855 "Leaves," what could he say of that magnificent intellectual epilepsy? A few carefully chosen superlatives should be put aside as *tête de cuvée* and allowed to cool and ripen in the cellar. (It's annoying to find one's metaphor changing under one's hand like that.)

It has been enormously instructive to watch the course of literary comment hereabouts in the last few years. It is notably odd that the quickest praisers of middling stuff are the highbrows who were brought up on Plato and Sir Thomas Browne. And the only people left who seem to have a relish for classic solidity and finish are the roughnecks, newspaper men and tough journalists. Where do you have to go to get a really thrilling bit of intellectual criticism? Why to Mr. Elmer Davis, late of the *Times*, or to Mr. Don Marquis, late of the *Herald-Tribune*. Marquis's fable in *Collier's* of the Mermaid Tavern parrot who found Shakespeare weeping into his beer is the saltiest bit of literary insight lately: how many years would it be before the Modern Language Association begot a golden tabloid like that? And who writes the great life of Lincoln? Carl Sandburg. And who produces Hamlet as Max Beerbohm twenty-five years ago said it should be? Horace Liveright. There are as many ways of being educated as there are of spelling Chehov; but there is only one way to be Chehov himself. Yet an approach toward it may be made by resolute struggle against various inundations of ballyhoo. Then it will not much agitate one whether or not some covey of excitables pulls an Aristides on something you know to be genuine. There has been some gruesome work done in the Stevenson myth, for example. The world got so weary of the RLS legend that they oystered him. As soon as Anatole France died the young Parisians were thick in print with the decision that he never was so much anyhow. I wait daily to hear the same caper in regard to Conrad. Whether or not Stevenson had a torment in his veins is a matter of clinical concern: perceptive readers have always known it. Read the great artist and be content. Was there some morbid physiology tha[illegible] for Walt Whitman's huge lethargy? Un[illegible] but it cuts no ice when you are caught [illegible] 1855 Preface. It is very important [illegible] moment it is irrelevant.

* * *

One reason (to continue the ha[illegible] ment) why I find *Variety* almos[illegible] magazine is that it is edited with such [illegible] cynicism. The redaction staff of most sophisticated journals are children still pink from the bathtub compared to the annealed humorists of *Variety*. I think Mr. Bob Holliday pointed out long ago, in his pleasant essay on *The Fishing Gazette*, that only trade journals, which pass among a sifted gang of insiders, can afford to say what they really think. The magazine that goes out into miscellaneous circulation sooner or later wisely adopts some special pose, in self-protection. These poses are mostly quite innocent, quite harmless, and quite valuable. But they grow painfully stereotyped. That is why I like to see the *Saturday Review* becoming more and more (as it is) a Trade Journal among those who are amused by books. In a trade journal you can baste and be basted, without tempers lost, for the fun of the game itself. It would be thought very vulgar, I suppose, if a magazine like this printed every week an actual tabulation of the box-office receipts of "current attractions," as *Variety* does. I mean, if it wheedled out of the publishers (assuming they would all play fair) the approximately accurate weekly sales of important books. Yet this information, if honestly dealt with, would be of great interest; even of philosophic value. The general ignorance of the publishing business is so gross that it is comic: the other day newspapers were averring solemnly that the royalties of young Nathalia Crane on her poems had been $100,000.

It is necessary that literary criticism should be reckless, irreverent, nimble, intuitive, and generous. It must know wherein art is subtler and more condensed than life. Then it will approach the hilarious and terrible veracity shown—among others—by such reporters as Shakespeare and *Variety*.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Essays on Conrad's "Suspense"

III

J. De Lancey Ferguson

(Third Prize)

THE formula of a Conrad story is simple. His plot material in almost every case is the standard stuff of the tale of adventure, of cloak-and-sword romance, of melodrama. The experiences of sailors in storm and calm, the clash of white men and brown in the tropics, the intrigues of revolution and counter-revolution in South America, the doings of gun-runners in the Mediterranean—these are the stock-in-trade of the Jack Londons and Sabatinis. Conrad's art consists not in his material but in what he does with it.

The ordinary romancer is content with movement and excitement, with action for its own sake; Conrad cares only about what the action does to the souls of the people engaged in it. The incidents which make or break men's souls he describes in full, from the inside; those which leave the actors unchanged do not interest him. Thus we have in full detail the story of Nostromo's dealing with the cargo of silver, but are told scarcely anything of his four-hundred-mile ride through hostile territory to save the counter-revolution, though the average author would have made that the climax of the book. Jack London would have revelled in the grewsome details of Falk's cannibalism; Conrad is concerned only to discover what manner of man Falk was, and how his ordeal marked him in after life.

Moreover, the action of a Conrad story is never confined to the struggles of individuals. Always behind the wills of men we are conscious of forces greater than they. Sometimes, as in "Youth," "The Shadow Line," and "Heart of Darkness," these are the forces of brute Nature; more often they are the basic forces of humanity itself. Thus human greed, focussed upon the silver of the San Thomé mine, thwarts or distorts the life of every man and woman in the Occidental Province; thus loyalty becomes the [illegible] to every act of the leading characters in "The Rescue." Success, as the [illegible]ual man understands the [illegible]ot exist in Conrad's world, [illegible]man is crushed sooner or later by the elemental powers. In that world, victory or defeat in life is measurable only by the state of one's soul. The man who possesses his soul in fortitude, who chooses a course of conduct and holds single-mindedly to it, is victorious even though his struggle ends in worldly ruin and death; the man who wavers, who allows the world to warp him, or swerve him from his path, is defeated even though he escapes with his life where the victor perishes.

In the unfinished "Suspense" we find all these familiar Conrad elements. The bare bones of the plot are the veriest commonplaces of melodramatic romance. Thus Adèle is obviously the unacknowledged daughter of Sir Charles Latham, who later married Dolly Aston in mere reaction after being forced to part from the Marquise d'Armand. Adèle herself has performed a sacrifice in the highest style of romance by consenting to marry an evil-hearted upstart in order to provide for her mother and her supposed father. And added to this promising beginning we have all the hackneyed features of a Dumas plot: conspiracies, secret and incriminating documents passed from hand to hand and saved by chance from the enemy, spies and scoundrelly servants ready to waylay a man or cut a throat without compunction, all the traditional machinery of flight and pursuit.

And as usual this familiar machinery is transfigured *into something new and strange*. All at once it becomes significant because we see the souls and not merely the bodies of the people involved in it, and still more because all these souls are moved by a force greater than themselves—the Man of Elba. Though Bonaparte never comes upon the scene in person he influences everything in the world, from the tenure of kings and magistrates to the outcome of a vagabond doctor's speculation in oil. Without the use of an Overworld Conrad here suggests a scheme as vast as that of "The Dynasts." It is not Bonaparte the man that counts—we are repeatedly reminded that the man himself is a coarse and vulgar adventurer in poor physical condition—but the forces he represents. He is merely the visible focus of all the conflicting ideas which the Revolution and his own meteoric career have thrust upon Europe—ideas of conquest and military glory, ideas of nationalism and liberty, which stir every heart to deepest loyalty or deepest hate. The attitude towards him of young Italians like Attilio sums up the paradox of Napoleon's influence. He has conquered Italy and exploited it more shamelessly than even the Austrians had done, *yet his conquest and exploitation* have shaken the country out of its lethargy, and from them stem the great ideas of Italian freedom and unity which half a century later are to come to fulfilment in Cavour, Victor Emanuel, and Garibaldi. The man himself may be little, but he embodies the dynamic thoughts of a hundred years.

Across this background of ideas and motive forces pass typical Conradian figures. There is Cosmo, own cousin to Axel Heyst, and more distantly akin to Decoud and Tuan Jim. An idealist, he has taken part in the struggle against Napoleon because everyone else was doing it, but the sight of the Restoration with its petty hates and spites and its futile efforts to reanimate a world twenty years dead has disgusted him, and he is wandering *aimless and dissatisfied*. Beside him stands Adèle, an aristocratic relative of Doña Rita, calm, clear-eyed, mistress of herself in the midst of evil and mischief, understanding fully, and fearing not at all, the vileness of her husband and his associates. About these two the story centers. The concentrated evil released by the disruption of Europe presses upon Adèle; the dynamic unrest stirs Cosmo. The problem of the unwritten conclusion therefore boils down to the question of what becomes of these two, and the author has carried the narrative far enough to make its implications clear to any thoughtful Conradian.

Though we have no way of telling how the details of the plot would have worked out, we know all that is really necessary. We cannot tell if, or how, Adèle's relationship to the Lathams is revealed; we cannot be certain whether Cosmo's vision of her with a dagger in her breast is to be regarded as prophetic, or merely as a symbol of her life ever since her marriage; we find numberless other details of this sort about which no sensible reader would care to dogmatize when dealing with a creator like Conrad. But in the truest sense the ending is perfectly obvious from the point at which the author left it. Whether Adèle is to live or die we do not know, but we do know that she was victorious, because against her calm possessing of her own soul the evil of Count Helion is powerless. That evil, we know, will ultimately destroy Helion, just as the primitive, half-insane indiscipline of Clelia will destroy her, though whether their destruction will doom uncle and niece to life or to death is mere guess-work. We know that Cosmo, having found in the dreams of Attilio a positive course of action in a wavering, empty-hearted world, will emerge from the test master of himself. And that being the case, it is a matter of no consequence whether he lives to inherit Latham Hall or not.

IV

Donald Davidson

(Fourth Prize)

GIVEN the frustum of the pyramid, the mathematician can construct the remainder. This action is by grace of formulas for which the scientist's respect and the artist's dread are equally pardonable. The latter, either because vagueness is a part of his stock-in-trade or because he dislikes to lay bare his own secrets, will be inclined to decry an effort to complete a masterpiece by proxy. "Where is Art," he may say, "in this synthetic business? Your probes and yardsticks cannot touch the ultimate mystery of this fragment. Therefore let it stand, with other noble unfinished pieces whose missing parts are as unpredictable as the destiny of man."

The critic will not have it so. His temper is that of the scientist, believing only when he has weighed and tested, digesting all things minutely, surrendering only to analytical enthusiasms. The unfinished work provokes him because it offers a problem. When the first glow of reading is gone, he will pause to wonder what the end of this dream-panorama would have been. Nor will he be content with wondering, but will find himself presently on paths of general speculation. To consider the end of this novel is to raise the question of all endings, not only of Conrad's novels, but of any writer you may propose. And the critic may be a little astonished to realize for the first time that by their endings ye shall know them, and as ye know them, so is a new light of art revealed where only a glimmer was before. The unfinished work becomes not only interesting but artistically useful. By the very absence of an ending the importance of endings, even of a philosophy of endings, is underlined for us.

For there is such a thing as a typical ending for the novels of almost any other you may mention. A Dickens, a Thackeray, a Hugo, a Flaubert, a Dostoievsky,—all have their ways of ending a tale, as recognizable and characteristic as the written signature of the author at the end of the book. Details may change, materials vary, but the final gesture, like the bow of the actor before the footlights, will be the same, always reflecting the man, always giving his idea of finality in human affairs. The men and women of Hardy's Wessex, bound by circumstance, find their lonely ends with the dignity of defeated warriors, Dostoievsky's tortured souls writhe in self-inflicted but half-rapturous agonies of immolation. Dickens's people, gathered in one last sentimental carry-all, are catalogued to the ends of their lives.

And Joseph Conrad has his own way of finding a conclusion. Looking around the world and voyaging to its strangest places, he can discover nothing so remarkable in man as his fidelity—a faculty which brings him to sorrow more often than not, but always leaves him with so magnificent an equipment of courage that he falls thundering when he does fall and most gloriously shakes the globe. This is Conrad's main tale, and his usual climax is this crash of destruction about a hero who perishes by a glorified *felo de se*. He dies at the hand of his own fidelity, either because he is faithful in the midst of antagonistic forces that carelessly and unconsciously brush him aside, or because his faithfulness is divided, and the blind world acts while he is reaching a decision. Almayer, loyal to his dreams, yet beaten by the jungle, is a sorry enough figure, yet a glamour hangs over his passing. Lord Jim, loyal to an honorable respect for himself, proves his bravery in his own blood. The terrors of English cannon will not outface the quiet loyalties of the Rover. Lingard and Nostromo are of the same breed, with a difference; they fail because they waver in fidelity, the one seduced by gold, the other by a woman. But both retain our respect at the last moment because they possess the dignity of their earlier characters,—a kind of residue of loyalty that remains untainted by fate.

The technique of the closing episodes in Conrad's novels is just as readily distinguished. His typical ending is not, as in many modern novels, merely a convenient stopping-place,—the period of a phase that is episodic and capable of indefinite extension. Nor is it the Q. E. D. of a thesis, demanding as Virginia Woolf has recently pointed out in the case of Wells and others, that the reader immediately rush out to slay social dragons. Nor is it that cheapest thing, the surprise ending. It is organic, and at its final growth is the symmetrical, inevitable product of all that has gone before. Conrad is a master of construction, weaving his maze of inversions with deliberate precision, planning and building in advance. What happens at last is only what must happen. The situations, however complex they may be, are always pointed for the end which is also the climax, and which nearly always has a flavor of the melodramatic about it, though it is thickly overlaid with subtle effects. Ford Madox Ford, in his book of reminiscences, lays down "intensity" as a cardinal principle on which Conrad and he agreed. The truth of this can be verified in most of Conrad's novels. Involved as the structure may be in the earlier portions, toward the end of the book the disparate pieces of narrative work ino a single mass; and the action of the forces which at first seemed rambling and uncertain pours into the climax with enormous accumulated energy. Or, to use another figure, the Conrad ending is a crashing fortissimo passage, following a crescendo unbelievably long and gradual, and followed in its turn frequently by a coda of a more reflective and casual nature which serves to soften and prolong the mood.

With these considerations in mind, the problem in "Suspense" is to reduce the book to the simplest possible terms, to find the essential situations which call for resolution in a climax, and to discover the inevitable outcome of forces which the novelist has set in motion.

It is too simple to say of "Suspense" that it is a Napoleonic novel with an Italian setting. For it is not a novel of Napoleon strictly, but of how people felt in the time of Napoleon, and of how that "enormously vital and immensely mysterious individuality" dominated not only their feelings but the most important items of their lives. "Austerlitz has done it," says Sir Charles Latham, when he realizes that a battle in Europe, naturally upsetting to the monarchies concerned, is just as upsetting in other and more remote ways. A battle can uncrown a king; it can also drive Adèle D'Armand, daughter of Sir Charles's dear expatriate *friend, into the disgusting* arms of that adventurer and upstart, Count Helion of Montevesso. Her father is saved thereby, to be sure; but the girl is ruined. As for his own daughter, Sir Charles swears that no issue of a great battle will ever affect her future. This no doubt is an Englishman's bull-dog way of being more sure than he ought to be. We who read with back-sight rather than dim foresight know that battles are not yet done. And as we read we see that Napoleon is the great wheel whose turning moves all the little wheels. Wherever two men meet, the novelist says, he is a third. The inevitable reflection is that what Austerlitz did once, Waterloo and the Hundred Days may do again. And these people at Genoa, in whose whispering the name of the Corsican strikes a continual tocsin,—these people, these many people upon whom Miranda would exclaim "O fine brave world!" must arrange the conclusions of their lives upon the appointments of his.

That, then, is the central fact in "Suspense." But we must consider the affairs of the people themselves. Conrad has arranged a tight compact drama in four parts with evidently only a fifth remaining to be written. The action is concentrated in Genoa. The time is the period just before the Hundred Days, when the Allies were bickering at Vienna, and Napoleon at Elba was complaining of assassinations and plots while he himself was in the very act of plotting a triumphant return. A young English traveler, arriving at Genoa with a personal message for the French Ambassador (his father's old friend), finds himself involved in two sets of affairs so incredibly worldly that there is no way of describing them to an unsophisticated person,—say a younger sister waiting for a letter in England. On one side is that secret adventure with "The Man with the Cap," which means, actually, that he, an Englishman, is aiding and abetting some sort of secret correspondence with Elba. It is dangerous but pleasant, this sense of romance, and Cosmo Latham, though he by no means puts himself forward energetically, has a faculty for getting in the way of events. When Conrad breaks off the narrative, the reticent, tender-conscienced Cosmo has already been involved in a brawl with the Austrian police and is committed to some sort of desperate enterprise in the outward-bound felucca. This affair is compromising enough. The other is equally startling for a quiet young Englishman. He brings a message to the Marquis D'Armand, and discovers in Adèle, the Countess Montevesso, his childhood friend, a beautiful woman in distress, surrounded by spies and intrigues, watched by a jealous husband, but still loyal to a repulsive bargain that would have been impossible to any person whose fidelity was not superior to all other qualities. Adèle is faithful to this crude Count Helion not so much as to herself,—the self that would not break a vow. What wonder that she should cry out, after that story, on the lack of honesty in the world?

(*Continued on page 326*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harcourt, Brace & Company
383 Madison Ave., New York

J. St. Loe Strachey

Editor of the London *Spectator*, now visiting in this country, who has written a romantic novel,

The Madonna of the Barricades

This is Mr. Strachey's first venture into fiction. His novel is historical and political, and deals with the Revolution of 1848—one of the blind spots of history. Thanks to the terrific fighting at the Barricades, the Carbonari, Louis Napoleon, Karl Marx and his communists, to say nothing of such a figure as Lamartine, the author has plenty of room for sensation and a love story.

"A book that champions youth. A fresh, glamorous and invigorating novel."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*
$2.00

* * *

Biographies of fighting Quakers written in "a pungent and original style"——

MARYAGNES BEST'S

Rebel Saints

Miss Best's theme is liberty, and she has resuscitated from Quaker chronicles stirring tales of fearless men and women who made war on society with no other weapons than spiritual argument.

"For a book of adventure one need not look farther."—Robert Morss Lovett in *The New Republic.* Illustrated, $3.00

Books of Special Interest

Homo Stultus

IDIOT MAN. By CHARLES RICHET. Brentano's. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by ADRIAN RICHT.

ONE does not look for either melodrama or sentimentality in the dissertations of a Nobel Prize winner in Physiology (Professor Richet received this award in 1913), but the entire cast, content, and manner of the present volume, Professor Richet's evaluation of human intelligence, is melodramatic and sentimental. The only exception to be taken to this general statement is an admission that a certain mass effectiveness has been occasionally achieved, as in the chapter on War, where the materials at hand were such as would lend themselves for impressive presentation to any person of imagination. For the greater part, however, the author has been careless of his reputation as a scientist, and the study rests upon an assumption more naïve in its sophistry than one would have believed it possible for a man of science of this century to entertain.

This sophistical hypothesis, upon which the book is based, is reminiscent of the anthropology of the Book of Genesis, and has all the flavor of the church fathers. According to Professor Richet, humans are stupid (sinful, Tertullian or Augustine would have said), while animals merely suffer from the ignorance natural to their state. Today, both complaints, in most quarters, are regarded as the same. One does not, in fact, conceive of a single human stupidity that is not definitely and unequivocally rooted in ignorance, however deeply buried its source. The example of sheer animal ignorance which the author gives is that displayed by a bitch in allowing her puppies to associate freely with sick dogs,—in this case, ignorance on the part of the animal of the nature of contagious diseases. But none of the examples of man's stupidity, later given, warrant the distinction; all are, at bottom, no different from the lack of understanding he condones in animals other than human beings, though the ignorance from which they spring is often rabid and excruciating in its consequences. Man's failure to suppress disease by concerted effort, his incompetence before the most elementary social problems, his often deliberate destruction of the greater part of the masterpieces of antiquity, and finally, his almost invariable martyrdom of the few great intelligences that have been produced, as sports, it would seem, in the race—these are items in Professor Richet's account, but one sees no difficulty in laying them at the proper door. With reference to the last item, the testimony of the most considerable martyr of all, in his last words, might be evoked.

The distinction stands upon a most theological (and unreal) distinction of Professor Richet's that man can and should "know better" whereas animals cannot be expected to be wiser. But given man's collective heredity and subsequent psychological development in even the modern world, there is no competent psychologist who would not take issue with the author in every case that would be to the point. Sadly enough, this physiologist who should "know better" has indulged in all the prejudices and malices of his time and place. Even in his catalogue of human folly and tragedy, he can pause to vent his wrath on a race possessed "of a lust for cruelty," and to speak of a people who represent "the lowest depths of human nature." The former are the German people, still Huns to him, and the latter the present rulers of Russia.

Da Vinci's Science

THE MECHANICAL INVESTIGATIONS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI. By IVOR B. HART. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. 1925. $4.

Reviewed by EDWARD P. WARNER
Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

TIME has played strange tricks with the memory of Leonardo da Vinci. Known to the world only as a painter, a great figure in the Renaissance school, there survive hardly more examples of his art than can be numbered on the fingers of one hand. Of his sculpture, which contemporary accounts suggest to have been of hardly less importance than his canvases, nothing is left. To the records of Leonardo's achievements in anatomy, engineering, invention, and pure mechanics, the studies and speculations which occupied his eager and tireless mind in the intervals when the skilful hand held neither brush nor chisel, little attention has been given. Readers limited to the English language, indeed, have had access to no adequate treatment of the work of Leonardo the scientist. It is that gap, insofar as it relates to the mechanical sciences, that Mr. Hart has sought to fill.

The task of the historian who seeks to evolve a connected story from the note-books wherein Leonardo recorded his extraordinary profusion and diversity of ideas is not an easy one. Not the least of the obstacles confronting him is that of acclimatization to the great Italian's extraordinary practice of "mirror-writing," reversing the letters and proceeding from right to left. Even after the words have been deciphered the meaning may remain obscure, for the phrasing is often vague and circuitous in the extreme,—sometimes to such an extent that Mr. Hart suggests the possibility of a deliberate attempt at obscurity in anticipatory fear of such treatment as the Fundamentalists of the time meted out to Galileo Galilei for his scientific heresies a century later.

Such vagueness, whether intentional or not, leaves the way open for an enthusiastic biographer to read into the notes meanings which their writer may never have thought to put there. Mr. Hart has, on the whole, stoutly resisted the temptation to prove too much, although in one or two instances he credits Leonardo with an anticipation of present-day knowledge on evidence which appears of dubious validity.

It is natural that Mr. Hart, himself a student of aeronautics and one of the authors of an excellent text on the elements of aeronautical science, should be particularly attracted by Leonardo's very remarkable work in the aeronautical field. About a third of the book is devoted to that work, very fully and fairly described, and the famous manuscript "On the Flight of Birds" is reproduced in its entirety. Unfortunately that vagueness of style already alluded to will render the reproduction difficult of comprehension to the average reader.

The aeronautical section and the parts which deal with Leonardo's contributions to the mechanic arts, with the general course of his life and the human and literary influences to which he was subjected, will be of general interest. They exact but little technical knowledge for their appreciation. The chapters treating of his studies in such problems of theoretical mechanics as that of the inclined plane or the analysis of complex systems of pulleys, while no less important, are designed for the specialist having a knowledge of the present status of the subject as a background.

THE SUNWISE TURN, Inc.
51 East 44th Street, New York

Beside the Grand Central and the Biltmore

OUR FOUR BEST SELLERS

The Tale of Gengi — The Lady Muraski
The Private life of Helen of Troy — John Erskine
The Panchatantra, translated from the Sanskrit by Arthur Ryder
The Venetian Glass Nephew — Elinor Wylie

HARPER BOOKS

A few of the many fine comments on this superb novel of the Texas plains

THE WIND
Anonymous

Du Bose Heyward: ". . . as unforgetable and compelling an example of realistic fiction as the South has produced."

Irvin Cobb: ". . . one of the truest and most compelling pictures of a phase of Southern life that I ever read."

Hatcher Hughes: ". . . the truest book that has come out of the Southwest in my memory."

New York Evening Post: "It is a terrifically graphic thing. . . . 'The Wind' is an unusual book."

Marguerite Wilkinson: "I read few novels, but I have read 'The Wind' and I shall remember it. . . . it wears the aura of poetry."

Saturday Review: "How William Blake, with his theory that nature and the devil are one, would have revelled in certain descriptions of Texas prairies which appear in this book!" $2.00

Bread and Circuses
By W. E. Woodward
Author of "Bunk" and "The Way Out"

Once more the diverting W. E. Woodward unleashes upon contemporary stupidities a whirlwind of salutary mockery and laughter. His new novel is rich in satirical humor, crowded with fantastic situations and sparkling with pungent conversation. $2.00

Manhattan Transfer
By John Dos Passos
Author of "Three Soldiers"

Moving to the swift tempo of modern life and shot through with humor and irony John Dos Passos' new novel captures the spirit of a great modern city — the turbulent, the bewildering, the endlessly fascinating Manhattan of today. $2.00

Why We Behave Like Human Beings
By George A. Dorsey, Ph.D.

Sinclair Lewis writes of this absorbing study of man: "It answers better than any new book I know all my questions as to how mankind evolved into its present stage and why we act and desire as we do. It is the antidote to pseudo-scientists and intellectual demagogues." $3.50

Harper and Brothers
Publishers Since 1817

See Harpers Magazine for Announcements of the better Schools and Colleges.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More people read biography today than ever before, because it combines the human and dramatic interest of fiction with the useful information of history.

To readers of discrimination, the following list is particularly recommended, representing the most important group of biographies ever issued in a single year by a house long famous for its pre-eminence in this field.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN AS HER SISTER KNEW HER

Nora Archibald Smith

Readers of Kate Douglas Wiggin's delightful stories, and particularly of her popular autobiography, "My Garden of Memory," will welcome this intimate volume of reminiscences by her sister. Illustrated. $4.00

Correspondence of William Hickling Prescott

Edited by Roger Wolcott

These stimulating letters give an unequalled self-portrait of one of the greatest of American historians. Frontispiece. $7.50

Cities of Many Men

H. C. Chatfield-Taylor

Brilliant and delightful portraits of people in the public eye, and of life in Paris, London, New York and Chicago during half a century. Illustrated. $5.00

dward Everett

d Revere Frothingham

A fine biography of an eminent subject, d one that will have a permanent value." Boston Transcript. $6.00

Henry Cabot Lodge

shop Lawrence

'A model short biography. A well-in-med personal record of an intimate nd."—New York Times. $1.75

ry Wortley Montagu

Melville

with all of the available material, lle has produced a delightful and book, including a large number of tagu's sprightly and spicy letters. $5.00

ent Van Gogh

rard

ume, translated from the French, uch hitherto unpublished matter, finitively the story of one of the areers in all the annals of art. ustrated. $3.50

m Shakespeare

ncy Adams

t biography of Shakespeare. lemolished the tradition that we t nothing of his life."—Archi-on. Illustrated. $4.50

M T. STEAD

Whyte

v of one of his gen-nd

THE DIARIES OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

Edited by John C. Fitzpatrick

The most extraordinary literary event of this generation is the publication now, *for the first time,* of Washington's complete diaries, covering in his own words almost his entire life from youth to death. It will be of inestimable value for the understanding of George Washington's own life and the character of his time. Frontispieces, 4 vols., boxed. $25.00

LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN BURROUGHS

Clara Barrus

The complete and definitive biography of the great American naturalist, told for the most part in his own words as set down in his letters and journals. Here is not only a splendid portrait of a great personality, but a reservoir of fresh and stimulating thought on nature, on literature, and on life. Illustrated, 2 vols., boxed. $12.50

JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON

Claude G. Bowers

From this dramatic story of clashing policies and ambitions, the author of "Party Battles of the Jackson Period" has made an accurate and intensely interesting record of the most momentous political struggle in our country's history. Illustrated. $5.00

MY EDUCATION AND RELIGION

George A. Gordon, D. D.

"I commend this autobiography by the greatest preacher in the United States to all who desire to know a truly noble soul."—Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. Illustrated. $4.00

Attractive New Editions are now available of the following Standard Biographical Books:

ROADS OF ADVENTURE
Ralph D. Paine
Illustrated $2.50
(Formerly $5.00)

THE LIFE OF JOHN BRIGHT
G. M. Trevelyan
Illustrated $2.50
(Formerly $5.00)

JULIA WARD HOWE
Laura E. Richards and Maud Howe Elliott
1 vol., $5.00
(Formerly $8.00)

THE DIARIES OF GIDEON WELLS
Introduction by John T. Morse, Jr.
3 vols., $7.50
(Formerly $15.00)

YESTERDAYS WITH AUTHORS
James T. Fields
$7.50
(Formerly $15.00)

TENNYSON
Harold Nicolson
$2.25
(Formerly $4.00)

Biographical circulars, a Holiday Bulletin, and an Illustrated Catalog of Children's Books will be sent free on application to the publisher.

ISABELLA STEWART GARDNER AND FENWAY COURT

Morris Carter

"An extraordinary woman! . . . Mr. Carter has had the courage to speak out where others would have been silent. The result is a vivid biography."—*Philip Hale in the Boston Herald.* Illustrated. $6.00

Diary and Letters of Josephine Preston Peabody

Edited By Christina H. Baker

One of the most vivid and living of journals, showing a gallant spirit and intensity of artistic feeling. Illustrated. $4.50

Released for Publication

Oscar King Davis

Secret memoirs of the Roosevelt era by a famous correspondent of the New York Times. "Frank and sometimes painful pictures of public men."—Philadelphia Inquirer. Illustrated. $5.00

Robert E. Lee

Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice

"A completely definitive portrait of Lee, done also with remarkable clarity, with rare insight, with sympathy, yet with proper detachment."—Nashville Tennessean. Illustrated. $4.00

The Cruise of the Nona

Hilaire Belloc

"The most highly Bellocian book he has yet written. . . . A book as big as all outdoors, crammed with adventure and beauty."—New York Times. $4.50

John Viscount Morley

Gen. John H. Morgan

"Not only eminently delightful, but a valuable contribution to contemporary history."—J. St. Loe Strachey. $3.00

Lord Minto

John Buchan

An illuminating study of the character and career of an outstanding British statesman. Illustrated. $7.50

John A. Brashear

Edited by Lucien Scaife

"Brashear's life, like that of Pupin, will be a mine of encouragement to many a reader."—George Ellery Hale. Illustrated. $4.00

JOHN KEATS

Amy Lowell

"Not only the best biography of Keats, the most complete, the most accurate, the most understanding, but one of the best biographies in the English language."—Richard Le Gallienne.

Illustrated. 2 vols., boxed, $12.50

Illust.

At all bookstores

Ma Lewis

ON MIFFLIN COMPANY 2 Park St. Boston

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Milton at Vallombrosa

By Aldo Sorani

THE long cherished consecration of a memorial tablet at Vallombrosa, that should recall the visit of John Milton to the forest and abbey, in the autumn of 1638 or in the spring of 1639, during one of his sojourns in Florence, was carried out on the last Sunday of August.

The promotors, the Society for Tuscan Activities, the forestal Administration of Vallombrosa, and the commune of Regello, in which the forest is situated, did all in their power to make the ceremony worthy of the poet who had penned in the first book of his "Paradise Lost" the oft-quoted words:

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa. . . .

not the least famous of the long series of English lyrics that chant the peace and loveliness of this sylvan spot.

The memorial tablet has been walled outside the Paradisino, which today has been converted into a fashionable hotel, and the record is placed just beside the actual dining room, to which some object that it is not a very poetical choice, and that more appropriate would have been to have walled the tablet outside the real venerable convent. But it must be borne in mind that local tradition, certainly erroneous, insists that Milton began to write his immortal poem exactly at the Paradisino, dividing his time with the monks in retreat, and sharing their penitence.

This tradition has thus been upheld, though, as regards Milton's stay at Vallombrosa, it may be asserted that all evidence we have of it is contained in the two lines of "Paradise Lost" and the popular anecdotage. The monks themselves retain no written record of the poet's visit. The present Prior of Vallombrosa, who is writing a new history of his order has been unable—as he told me—to trace the faintest mention of the poet's sojourn at Vallombrosa. It is not even mentioned in the volumes of the "Ricordanze Vallombrosane," in which his predecessors noted every event of any importance that concerned the monastery, and which are now preserved in the national Archives at Florence.

Wordsworth tells how, when he visited Vallombrosa, a monk showed him, with great pride, a room in which he said Milton had lodged during his visit to the abbey, but the present Prior is too careful of exactitude to permit himself or any of his monks to risk such indications, for which there exists no warrant, except a local vanity.

It has even been stated that the monks, until the invasion by Napoleon, preserved two letters written in Latin by Milton, in which the poet thanked the monks for their hospitality to him. But of these two letters no trace has been found. Nor is this to be wondered at, if we remember that the treasures of the abbey of Vallombrosa were repeatedly sacked, burnt, and confiscated, and that its Miltonian documents, if they ever existed, probably were lost during one of these disasters.

But it would not be surprising that the monks should not have taken note of the incident, for it was only that for them, for the poet was not yet famous, even at home, and they were not called upon to take great interest in the young poet, such as was accorded him, and enthusiastically, by the Academicians of Florence. The monastery of Vallombrosa was something very different from the Academies of the *Apatisti* and of the *Svogliati*, who had so liberally opened their doors to Milton, begging him to read before them some of his Italian and Latin compositions, and to listen in turn to theirs, and contribute to their rhetorical and Platonian dissertations. Also may it not be the case that the good Vallombrosa fathers, after having taken note of the poet's visit, may themselves have destroyed every trace of it, as more wise and prudent, when his fame became too anti-Catholic and blasphemous and opposed to the Popery and to the Princes faithful to the Roman Church?

All these may be mere hypotheses, but hypotheses as legitimate as those which, more or less openly, cast doubts on the visit and stay of the poet at Vallombrosa, and consider the lines of "Paradise Lost" as only one of those literary similitudes and imageries that are not backed by real experience. Whatever may be said to the contrary, Milton's imagery corresponds to a reality that can be verified to this day. Vallombrosa has still trees that shed their leaves in autumn, and streams that trickle down from many crevasses in the rocks.

And if the hypothesis put forth by Fanny Byse, in her study of Milton, "Milton on the Continent," according to which the two poems "Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," the "twin poems," can be held to have been written after the poet's sojourn in Italy, is accepted, then surely we might seek in these two works and above all in "Il Penseroso" certain allusions that refer to Vallombrosa. Fanny Byse seeks to prove that, far from being imaginary and *livresques*, the descriptions penned by the poet deal with a reality seen and studied on the spot. Thus the "Hermes trismegist" would be an allusion to Galileo, the "pensive nun" of the same poem would be an image inspired by the daughter of Galileo, who became a nun, and thus I should like to suggest—the final verses of the poem would be a manifest recollection of the Paradisino, with its monks and the cells of its hermits:

And may, at last, my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit, and rightly spell
Of every star that Heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew . . . .

So let us accept without further doubts and scruples that Milton was once really at Vallombrosa. Galileo may have invited him, by talking to him of the forest and the monastery, and his own stay during the time of his first studies. We may also postulate a certain weariness of the receptions given to him by the Florentine Academicians and the philosophic and philological hairsplittings to which his over-kind friends subjected him while in the Tuscan capital, from which he may have fled for a brief rest. He may too have felt curious to gain acquaintance with the monastic life of these Catholics, before going on to Rome, where he would meet the Princes of the Church, and see more closely the Pontifical Court and learn its ways and manners. Or a mere tourist whim may have sped him up to the heights of the then not so easily approached forest, a quite understandable fancy in a student, who for so many years at home had spent his time in country surroundings and who maintained, even in the midst of his later sharp political conflicts and domestic griefs, and even when only the eyes of memory could enable him to enjoy the green of the earth and the azure of the sky, an inextinguishable love for Nature.

Already too many of Milton's Italian experiences have been boiled down by criticism to purely literary mannerisms and implications. We do now know, for instance, that Milton did not write his Italian sonnets in Italy, and was never in love with an Italian lady, whom rumor said he met in Italy, because, according to the most scrupulous critics this lady never existed, or if she did, she existed in England, or may have been an Englishwoman to whom Milton dedicated his Italian sonnets solely because, according to him, the Italian language is the language of love. Still why should we not hold by the belief that he really visited Vallombrosa?

Let us leave Milton at Vallombrosa and Vallombrosa to Milton. Such immortal links as those binding Milton and so many other non-Italian poets to Italy were not forged only by historical meetings and evident exchanges of thought, but are due to something really mysterious, that cannot find its explanation or confirmation in history, but is sanctioned by the heart.

In "Ein Volk" (Leipzig: Stackmann) Friedrich von Gagern, who though he writes in German is a Croatian, presents a vivid picture of peasant life in his native country. His novel contains realistic descriptions of scenery and people in the course of its thrilling narrative. The period of the story is the 'eighties of the last century, and its cast is a varied one

Arthur Weigall's

The Life and Times of Cleopatra

An excellent study of the great Egyptian and her relations with Antony and Julius Caesar. A fresh interpretation which reveals many new facts at variance with tradition.

Illustrated. $5.00

FICTION

Peter The Czar
By Klabund
Translated by Herman George Scheffauer. $2.00

The Grand Ecart
By Jean Cocteau $2.00

Three Farms
By Cynthia Stockley $1.50

Georgian Stories
By Fifteen Authors $2.50

More Aces
By Fifteen Authors $2.00

Charmeuse
By E. Temple Thurston $2.00

The Happy Failure
By Solita Solano $2.00

Fame
By Micheline Keating $2.00

The Cheerful Fraud
By K. R. G. Browne $2.00

One of the most distinguished biographies of recent years

by SAMUEL H. WANDELL and MEADE MINNIGERODE

AARON BURR

"Undoubtedly one of the spectacular biographies. . . One of the most talked of biographies of years".—*Chicago Tribune.* "One of the most fascinating biographies of recent years."—*N. Y. Sun.*

With many reproductions of rare pictures and prints. In two volumes. $10.00 per set.

For Sale At All Booksellers or At The Putnam Store, 2 West 45th Street

New York G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS *London*

Hilaire Bello

Marie Antoine

"A splendidly rounded portrait — Marie Antoi before you as she live moment she appears in *Philadelphia Ledger.*

Illustrated.

NON-FIC

Samuel Pepys
By J. Lucas-Dubret
Translated by H. J

Jungle Days
By William Beebe

Oregon Sketches
By Wallace Smith

With Pencil, Brush
By Emil Fuchs

Enchanters of Men
By Ethel Colburn Mayne $5.00

How Music Grew
By Marion Bauer and Ethel Peyser $4.50

Sex At Choice
By Mrs. Monteith Erskine $2.00

Argonauts of The South
By Captain Frank Hurley $5.00

David Goes Voyaging
By David Binney Putnam $1.75

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

McBride BOOKS

Announcing a Beautiful New Edition

FIGURES OF EARTH

By
James Branch Cabell

Illustrated by Frank C. Papé

Admirers of Mr. Cabell will be charmed
th this beautiful edition of the favorite
el. "For the scholars who are erudite
ugh to catch a reasonable share of his
sions but not so literal as to be vexed
n an allusion goes over their heads;
worldlings who are sophisticated
gh to laugh with him at all follies
et take no offense if he hints that
os even sophistication may be an-
folly; for poets who are whole
h to follow him to the moon for
s and still take pleasure with him
he returns to move gleefully about
rth."—*Carl Van Doren.*

it and loveliness of the great Amer-
omancer are perfectly reflected in
bust fanciful work of Mr. Papé.
2 full page illustrations printed in
avure and numerous decorations.
m with the famous first English
of "Jurgen." $5.00

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & Company
PUBLISHERS NEW YORK

Bruce Rogers
Designer of Books
By Frederic Warde

Every collector as well as every student of fine printing will welcome this sketch of Bruce Rogers' career as a designer. Mr. Warde's critical and biographical account is followed by a detailed descriptive list of all the books bearing Mr. Rogers' thistle-mark and, in addition, all those, whether signed or not, in which he bore chief responsibility. There are sixteen unusual illustrations and an index. Special signed edition, $10.00; regular edition, $3.00.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
2 RANDALL HALL
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Christopher Morley
says of
THE RASP
By
Philip Macdonald
Out of the ordinary in merit. . . . the first mystery tale I have read since Milne's "The Red House" which has real humor.
(Second Printing)
Lincoln MacVeagh
THE DIAL PRESS

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

PORCELAIN OIL AND VINEGAR. By [illegible]. Dial. 1925. $3.50.

[illegible] book may best be described as [illegible] skits on as many contemporary British artists. With considerable accidental wit, which makes the little essays easy and amusing reading, the author combines a positive genius for ignoring all major critical issues. He does tell breezily what is now fluttering the aesthetic dovecotes of London. For these reasons the book may safely be recommended to those many art lovers who like to read but hate to think.

MANET. By J. E. BLANCHE. (Masters of Modern Art.) Dodd, Mead. 1925. $1.75.

This little square volume, French in conception and manufacture, has to recommend it many unhackneyed illustrations of good quality conveniently grouped at the end, and an unconventional introduction by a famous painter who actually knew Manet. M. Blanche submits that the revolutionary character of Manet's work and aim has been grossly overstressed. He should be classed, not with Monet and Renoir, but with Courbet, Carolus, Fantin, and Alfred Stevens. Besides this novel and apparently just view, M. Blanche presents personal reminiscences of Manet and Dégas which one is glad to have preserved. The essay abounds in sidelights which are unhappily veiled in an unidiomatic translation.

PERSONALITIES IN ART. By *Royal Cortissoz.* Scribners. $3.50.

SAINT FRANCOIS D'ASSISE. Marshall Jones.

Belles Lettres

THE LITERATURE OF THE MIDDLE WESTERN FRONTIER. By RALPH LESLIE RUSK. Columbia University Press. 1925. 2 vols. $7.50.

Professor Rusk has done an amount of research which makes one aghast. His second volume is almost wholly devoted to bibliography. Thereby he has brought an interesting historical subject within easy reach of all students hereafter. In his preface, stating that he has chosen the year 1840 "somewhat arbitrarily" as the close of the pioneer period, the author says: "Almost a century has passed since James Hall, Timothy Flint, and William D. Gallagher attempted to create a literature of the West which should be marked both by excellence of artistic achievement and by a distinctly Western quality. Their failure to realize any large measure of artistic achievement may be granted without debate. There remains, however, the question of whether they and the great number of obscure authors who were their unconscious collaborators did not succeed in creating a body of literature invaluable for the record it contains of the growth of civilization during a unique epoch." That literary expression the author considers a "no less significant memorial of this pioneer era than are the facts of economic and political history." A work of great value to students.

CENTURY READINGS IN ANCIENT CLASSICAL AND MODERN EUROPEAN LITERATURE. Edited by John W. Cunliffe and Grant Showerman. Century. 1925. $6.

This is a companion volume to the earlier "Century Readings in English Literature" and "Century Readings in American Literature." The Ancient Classical portion is edited by Professor Showerman, the Modern European by Professor Cunliffe. In fulfilling their stupendous task of giving between two covers fair samples of European literature from Homer to Croce, the editors have unavoidably laid themselves open to all manner of objection as to why this was omitted, why that was included, or why, instead of so-and-so's translation, such-and-such was adopted. But the only fair criticism touches the question as to how far the volume will succeed in accomplishing its specific purpose of interesting the college student, and here Professor Showerman was as surely unwise in preferring Pope's Homer and Dryden's Virgil to more modern renderings as Professor Cunliffe was wise in using Scott Moncrieff's spirited Song of Roland and Melville Best Anderson's admirable Dante. In fact, it is to be feared that owing to the general superiority of Professor Cunliffe as an editor, the volume may have the unfortunate effect of hardening the college student in his already disproportionate admiration for modern European literature at the expense of the classics. But since "modern" here includes everything since Boethius, there will, even so, be rich compensation.

AMERICAN HUSBANDS AND OTHER ALTERNATIVES. By ALEXANDER BLACK. Bobbs-Merrill. 1925. $3.

These essays are the embodiment of a commonsense expressed with such verbal felicity that it is likely to be mistaken for a loftier inspiration. Urbane and witty, Mr. Black discourses deftly of American husbands and wives and flappers, artists, near-artists and the not-so-near, the double standard, prohibition, genius, and many other things. His habit is to nestle complacently between the horns of every dilemma; he acknowledges no prejudices (except against waiters) and boasts of no convictions. Through all the essays runs a suave sense of the unimportance of most of the issues that perturb men's souls. The book is starred with delightful phrases and epigrams: "The sarcasm of alimony," "civilization is codified convenience," "there will always be pushers who favor the greatest annoyance to the greatest number." On page 125 the type-setter evidently balked at Mr. Black's heterodox remarks on the double standard and printed "immortality" for "immorality." Of the recollected portraits in the book, the tender and vivid one of Joseph Pulitzer stands out as particularly successful.

YOUTH'S ADVENTURE. By ALLAN A. HUNTER. Appleton. 1925. $1.25.

Unfortunately it may be doubted whether the attitude of this praiseworthy little volume is as representative of American youth as it claims to be, but at least it is the attitude of one particular youth of some parts. His book pleads earnestly and sensibly for race reconciliation, anti-militarism, a sane view of marriage, and less standardization in our teaching and our lives. One could wish for more abandon in style; the twang of the Y. M. C. A. is not wholly absent; the author's sense of adventure is somewhat too easily satisfied. Nevertheless the work deserves recognition as a striking effort in the right direction. America has no Youth Movement, outside of athletics, and it sorely needs one. Anything that may possibly stimulate it is to be welcomed.

THE ENGLAND OF DICKENS. By WALTER DEXTER. Lippincott. 1925. $5.

Mr. Dexter's company on the roads where so many of us have travelled, on foot or by coach, with some of the jolliest people in literature, will not be welcome to everybody. But he has written a book entertaining enough to stir in some degree even the most latent interest in Dickens's topography. The journey to Bath with Mr. Dexter is bound to be somewhat different from the same journey undertaken with the Pickwickians. But there is much to learn on the way which Dickens himself did not bother to tell, and here Mr. Dexter comes in. The wanderings of Little Nell and her grandfather are retraced, this time through places with real names, and here, at least, Mr. Dexter's company may, perhaps, be preferred. So too we are taken to Greta Bridge, where once stood Dotheboys Hall. The epicure may choose Tintagel, North Wales, or Berwick-on-Tweed according to his tastes: but he will never be far away from Dickens. Even the most fervent Dickensian may be surprised to realize what an enormous knowledge the novelist had of the English countryside. There is practically no town or district of importance which is not visited in the course of his books. London and Kent have already been dealt with by Mr. Dexter in previous volumes, but this may very well be the most interesting of all, for it touches everywhere and is well stocked with photographs and references to the novels themselves. A few more quotations might, however, have helped to lighten its pages.

CONSIDERATIONS ON EDMUND GOSSE. By *Patrick Braybrooke.* Lippincott.

YOUTH'S ADVENTURE. By *Allen A. Hunter.* Appleton. $1.25.

BIGGER AND BETTER. By *Don Herold.* Dutton. $2.

AT PRIOR PARK. By *Austin Dobson.* Oxford University Press. 80 cents net.

AMERICAN. Edited by *H. L. Mencken.* Knopf. $2.50 net.

(*Continued on next page*)

Dutton's

BOOKS FOR GIFTS

Recommended to those who select their gifts with a thoughtful discrimination and an appreciation of unusual values.

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.
By JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.
In Three Volumes
One of the world's deathless biographies, in one of the most sympathetic editions of it in print. It is in everyway as delightful a gift as was the Pepys Diary which was so successful last season.
It is edited by Arnold Glover, with an introduction essay by Austin Dobson. Especially attractive are the illustrations; twenty portraits in photogravure and nearly one hundred charming pen drawings by Herbert Railton. Price $10

CARLYLE ON CROMWELL AND OTHERS
By DAVID ALEC WILSON
The third volume of a great work, presenting Carlyle at a time when he was perhaps at his best. And across its pages moves the whole English literary world of that day.
Price $5.00
The three volumes, $15

ENGLISH SATIRISTS
By HUGH WALKER
A new volume in that excellent series "Channels of English Literature" which instead of treating literature by periods, takes a single form and traces its development from the earliest specimens down. Certainly satire has offered a rich field for such handling. $3.00

STUDIES IN SEVEN ARTS
By ARTHUR SYMONS
A new edition with 13 new essays of this author's strikingly original and sensitive criticisms. $3.50

POST-WAR BRITAIN
By ANDRE SIEGFRIED
Exceptionally valuable because it is by a Frenchman who has for many years specialized in the study of the development of the British Empire. It is eminently fair and unbiased and will be of great interest to bankers, exporters, importers, manufacturers, etc.
To be published next week $3.50

THE ECONOMIC HISTORY OF RUSSIA
By JAMES MAVOR
The long demanded new edition with revisions, a new introduction and final chapter. The time is not yet ripe for an equally authentic history of Post-war Russia but for the time preceding the war this work will remain probably for all time in a class by itself.
Two vols. $15.00

NIAGARA IN POLITICS
By JAMES MAVOR
A tremendously strong analysis of the acts and reports of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission. Exceedingly important to everyone interested in public ownership. $2.00

OLD ENGLISH HOUSES
By J. A. GOTCH
The story of the development of the modern house is linked with the changing customs and manners of succeeding ages. Freely and charmingly illustrated. $7.00

Two New Volumes
in the TODAY and TOMORROW Series.

TIMOTHEUS
By BONAMY DOBREE
On the future of the theatre. $1.00

HEPHAESTUS
By FOURNIER d' ALBE
On machinery and this mechanistic age. $1.00

Send for our new list of
BOOKS FOR GIFTS
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
681 Fifth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DORAN BOOKS

Disraeli:
Alien Patriot

E. T. RAYMOND

THE fascinating counterpart to Strachey's "Queen Victoria." There is no more romantic figure among England's statesmen than Disraeli, the alien—Disraeli, the politician—and Disraeli, the statesman. Mr. Raymond, the author of "Uncensored Celebrities," has risen fully to his subject, and presents an intensely readable book. *$4.00*

Memoirs of Sir Almeric Fitzroy

THE eagerly awaited diary of the King's gossiper of two reigns. For twenty-five years clerk to the Privy Council under King Edward and King George, Sir Almeric had access to all the secrets of the realm, and tells his story with sufficient indiscretion to make it admirably entertaining. *Two Volumes. Illustrated. $12.50*

Mother

F. F. BENSON

A tribute to an amazing woman, his mother, by the author of the lives of the distinguished brothers Benson, Master of Magdalen College, Arthur Christopher Benson, Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, and Edward Frederic Benson. *Illustrated. $3.00*

The Life & Letters of William Robertson Nicoll

T. H. DARLOW

the and many-sided men of our day, who knew Sir William Robertson Nicoll,—editor, critic, mystic, maker of men and counsellors. *Illustrated. $5.00*

Parson Primrose

Friend of Charles Lamb and translator of Dante

TIMOTHEUS B. W. KING

THE delightful life story of Henry Francis Cary, gentleman and scholar, intimate friend of Lamb and Coleridge. It throws much light on one of the most brilliant circles that have made English literature. *$3.00*

BOOKS FOR GIFTS

George H. Doran Company, New York

DORAN BOOKS

The New Books

Belles Lettres

(Continued from preceding page)

THE ARISTOCRATIC WEST. By *Katharine Fullerton Gerould.* Harpers. $3.50.
YOUTH'S ADVENTURE. By *Allen A. Hunter.* Appleton. $1.25.
THE BRIGHT ISLANDS. By *Padraic Colum.* Yale University Press. $2.50.
THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT BIOGRAPHY. By *Joseph Collins.* Doran. $3 net.
PETER PANTHEISM. By *Robert Haven Schauffler.* Macmillan. $2.
MANY LAUGHS FOR MANY DAYS. By *Irvin S. Cobb.* Doran. $2.50.
IDEAS AND FORMS IN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE. By *Homer A. Watt* and *James B. Munn.* New York: Scott, Foresman.
THE FAMILY ALBUM. By *Arthur Baer.* A. & C. Boni. $1.50.
ACADEMY PAPERS. By *Members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.* Scribners. $3.

Biography

MARGARET BONDFIELD. By ICONOCLAST. Seltzer. 1925. $2.

The story of "this great little woman," written by the anonymous and journalistic biographer of "J. Ramsay MacDonald" and "England's Labor Rulers" is a straightforward, Sunday magazine account of "labor's woman leader" who rose from shop counter to the "front bench of Parliament." All that can be said of average newspaper copy can be said of Iconoclast's style. She does not give us *Margaret Bondfield.* She merely tells us about the lady. And now that we have said "she," we can tell our readers that Iconoclast is Mary Agnew Hamilton, for which information we are indebted to no more mysterious source than the title page of this book.

ELIJAH COBB. 1768-1848. With a foreword by Ralph D. Paine. Yale University Press. 1925. $1.50.

The New England skippers and rum-runners of the early days were figures of sufficient historical importance to justify this careful edition of the memoirs of one of the most interesting among them. Elijah Cobb, in a delightful spelling all his own, tells of his adventurous life as a merchant and smuggler, calling at fever-stricken ports, slipping past Algerian pirates, captured by a British schooner in the war of 1812, until at last he settled down on a farm to a ripe and well-earned old age. The worthy skipper was a man of few words: he thus describes the frightful scene of Robespierre's execution—"Before I left the country; I saw Robespierre's head taken off;" but he quite unconsciously reveals himself as a man among men, of superb assurance, resourcefulness and courage. A skipper well worth knowing.

YARNS OF AN OLD SHELLBACK. By CAPT. J. L. VIVIAN MILLETT. Brentanos. 1925. $2.

Captain Millett has fittingly set down the log of his long, and distinguished career at sea. This was followed by his successful management of a great wharf property on the Thames where he still carries on. The narrative, however, confines itself to the sea and is fascinating to the lover of ships and adventure. Captain Millett served on the famous *Cutty Sark*, one of the greatest ships of a great era of fast sailers. His story takes the reader through a sea period contemporaneous with that of Joseph Conrad and makes clear much of the mystery of those days when men were swallowed by an oblivion no longer possible on land or at sea. On three of the pages is set down the loss of the foremast of the clipper ship *Tweed*, when running her easting down, from the Cape to Sydney. This alone is worth the price of the book. It is highly recommended to all who like a good sea yarn, full of action and saturated with the authentic brine of romance.

MY LIFE AND MEMORIES. By *Joseph I. C. Clark.* Dodd, Mead. $3.50.
THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JAMES A. GARFIELD. By *Theodore C. Smith.* Yale University Press. 2 vols. $12.
MY LIFE AS AN EXPLORER. By *Sven Hedin.* Boni & Liveright. $5.
THE LIGHT IN THE VALLEY. By *Mabel Wagnalls.* Funk & Wagnalls. $1.50 net.
HENRY MONTAGUE BUTLER. By *J. R. M. Butler.* Longmans. $4.50.
YOUTH AND THE EAST. By *Edmund Candler.* Dutton. $6.
INCREASE MATHER. By *Kenneth B. Murdock.* Harvard. $6.
LAFAYETTE LETTERS. Edited by *Edward Everett Dale.* Oklahoma City: Harlow.
THE EARL BISHOP. By *William C. Childe-Pemberton.* Dutton. 2 vols.
REBEL SAINTS. By *Mary Agnes Best.* Harcourt., Brace. $3.
KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN. By *Nora Archibald Smith.* Houghton Mifflin. $4.
THE DIARIES OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. Edited by *John C. Fitzpatrick.* Houghton Mifflin. 4 vols. $25.
MEMOIRS OF LEON DAUDET. Edited and translated by *Arthur Kingsland Griggs.* Dial $5.
JOAN OF ARC. By *Albert Bigelow Paine.* Macmillan. 2 vols. $10.50.
MORE CHANGES, MORE CHANCES. By *H. W. Nevinson.* Harcourt, Brace. $5.
WILLARD FISKE. By *Horatio S. White.* Oxford University Press. $7.50 net.
CATHERINE THE GREAT. By *Katharine Anthony.* Knopf. $4.
A DAUGHTER OF THE SAMURAI. By *Etsu Ingaki Suginoto.* Doubleday, Page. $3 net.
"GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES." By *Anita Loos.* Boni & Liveright. $1.75.
PERSONALITIES AND REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR. By *Major-General Robert Lee Bullard.* Doubleday, Page. $5 net.
ISABELLA STEWART GARDNER. By *Morris Carter.* Houghton Mifflin. $6.
JAMES NICHOLSON RICHARDSON OF BESSBROOK. By *Charlotte Fell Smith.* Longemans. $4.50.
IRISH MEMORIES. By *E. O. E. Somerville* and *Martin Ross.* Longemans. $2.75.
THE LIFE OF JUDGE GARY. By *Ida M. Tarbell.* Appleton. $3.50.
LETTERS OF THOMAS GRAY. Selected by *John Beresford.* Oxford University Press.
A LIFETIME WITH MARK TWAIN. By *Mary Lawton.* Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

Drama

THREE PLAYS. By PADRAIC COLUM. Macmillan. 1925. $2.25.

Mr. Colum's plays were written originally in the early days of the Irish National Theatre when the players, as he says in his foreword, were his "colleagues and instructors." Some atmosphere of the barely-furnished stage and small theatre for which they were written clings to the plays themselves. They are restricted, subdued, chastened, though not the less beautiful or effective for that. Mr. Colum, unlike most of less famous members of the Irish art-revival movement which excited us all so much when these plays were first produced and printed, has an atmosphere all his own, that is a manner or style unmistakably individual. That it harmonizes with what else remains of the movement is, perhaps, its least important feature. There is no mere echo of W. B. Yeats or Lady Gregory in his dialogue. His peasantry has much in com-

(Continued on page 342)

Hulbert Footner in THE UNDERDOGS has achieved that great distinction of creating an entirely new figure in mystery fiction. Where Doyle's Sherlock Holmes was deductive, Footner's Madame Storey is psychological—both inimitable.

At all booksellers DORAN BOOKS
Two Dollars

OXFORD BOOKS

A Bibliography of Samuel Johnson. By W. P. Courtney and D. N. Smith. Net $10.00

A reissue of the edition of 1915. Illustrated with facsimiles.

The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi and the **Life of Brother Giles.** Rendered into English Verse by James Rhoades. Nett 80c.

A companion volume to the same author's translation of the poems of Virgil in the World's Classics.

Musical Taste and How to Form It. By M. D. Calvocoressi 85c.

It will be of great interest to all who study the arts as the author treats his subject in a familiar language.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
American Branch
33 W. 32nd Street, New York City

Notable STOKES Boo

"The greatest diplomatic memoir ever written."
—Chicago Evening Post

TWENTY-FIV YEARS
1892-1916
By VISCOUNT GREY
of Fallodon, K. G.

The season's outstanding gif "*If it is in the power of books fluence human affairs, Lord Gre have a high place among the e history.*"—Saturday Review. *3 trations. 2 volumes. $10.00.*

BEHIND THE SCE AT THE OPERA
By MARY FITCH WATKINS
Author of "First Aid to the Opera-Goer"

Opera goers will revel in this witty, breezy account of what goes on behind the scenes, with anecdotes of the famous stars. *$2.50.*

BEAUTIFUL CANADA
By VERNON QUINN
Author of "Beautiful America," etc.

Canada's great scenic beauty and her romance, delightfully described against a rich background of Indian legend. *Illustrated. $4.00.*

RUBEN and IVY SEN
By LOUISE JORDAN MILN
Author of "In a Shantung Garden," etc.

"Abundant material for a story worthy of Mrs. Miln's genius," says the *Boston Herald* of this new story of the children of "Mr. and Mrs. Sen." *$2.00.*

DOCTOR DOLITTLE'S ZOO
By HUGH LOFTING
Author of "The Story of Doctor Dolittle," etc.

"The book's quaint fancies, lively narrative and interesting story will make it quite as much a favorite with young readers as its predecessors."—*N. Y. Times.* With 89 illustrations by Mr. Lofting. *$2.50.*

The LITTLE LOST PIGS
By HELEN FULLER ORTON

The author of the "Cloverfield Farm" stories writes a new and different pig story, delightfully illustrated by Luxor Price. *$1.25.*

"Budget of News," 40 pages, with complete descriptions of all new STOKES books, free on request

F. A. STOKES COMPANY
Publishers New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Three-fourths of Your Christmas Shopping Done in Five Minutes TODAY!

How would it feel really to enjoy Christmas this year?

Do you remember last Christmas Eve—wasn't it dreadful? You in a frenzy buying four-in-hands for nephews who wear only bow ties, and warm bed jackets for aunts who spend every winter in Florida—and ending up with a ghastly headache—and being in a frightful temper, practically kicking the cat out of the room?

Why not, this year, dispense with all last minute shopping and give yourself the luxury of a leisurely, unharassed (and unharassing) merry Christmas, incidentally giving your friends what they will like above all things.

We are not making extravagant claims for Harpers Magazine as the perfect universal Christmas gift. Several on your list, frankly won't be interested in it.

Ingeborg, the new laundress, will doubtless get more real comfort out of a serviceable blouse; the baby is a little young for some of the articles—especially Rebecca West; and Fido would only worry it and make a mess. BUT, the greater majority will find more to amuse and enliven them in 12 monthly visits of Harpers than in any other gift you could present.

Your father will find food for thought in the unconventional, clear-sighted discussions of American life by Duncan Aikman, Charles Merz, Bertrand Russell. Aunt Valerie, that lady of dazzling clothes and sparkling conversation, confesses that like all of the smart people she knows, she is finding the new Harpers indispensable for the sophisticated, inquiring mind.

For Kenneth, one of the younger intellectuals, is the obvious choice. Likewise, for Honoria. The two follow, with lively comment, the essays of Christopher Morley, Aldous Huxley, Robert Loon, and the poetry of Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Moreover, there are countless features which are absorbing to all; Dr. Fosdick's monthly department, "Religion and Life," the finest fiction from America and England, points of view from and about Europe, and brilliant biography and history.

Five minutes spent right now at your desk, and the major part of your Christmas shopping is done, the gifts all wrapped and mailed—a not inconsiderable item! And to make it even easier, we are giving a special holiday price of $3.00 for every gift subscription, if you order more than one. Otherwise, the usual rate of $4.00 a year holds. Send us the coupon below, and we will enter the subscriptions to begin at the proper time. Moreover, we send a cheerful Christmas card with your good wishes to your friends to announce the magazine's arrival.

Buy Your December Copy AND FILL in Coupon-Today

SPECIAL HOLIDAY OFFER

HARPERS MAGAZINE SI
49 East 33d Street, New York, N. Y.

Take a load off my mind and send Harpers Magazine for a year to the following names. Bill me later, three dollars for each subscription.

Name.....

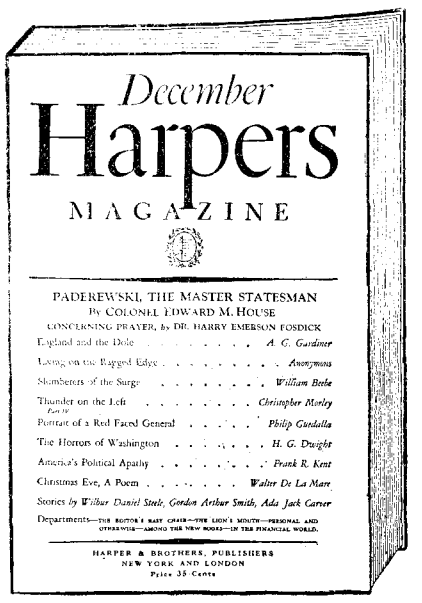
Address.....

Name.....

Address.....

My Name and Address.....

(You may send an unlimited number. Attach this coupon to a list of your own if this doesn't give you enough space.)


December
Harpers
MAGAZINE
PADEREWSKI, THE MASTER STATESMAN
By COLONEL EDWARD M. HOUSE
CONCERNING PRAYER, by DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK
England and the Dole . . . . . A. G. Gardiner
Living on the Ragged Edge . . . . . Anonymous
Slumberers of the Surge . . . . . William Beebe
Thunder on the Left . . . . . Christopher Morley
Portrait of a Red Faced General . . . . . Philip Guedalla
The Horrors of Washington . . . . . H. G. Dwight
America's Political Apathy . . . . . Frank R. Kent
Christmas Eve, A Poem . . . . . Walter De La Mare
Stories by Wilbur Daniel Steele, Gordon Arthur Smith, Ada Jack Carver
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
Price 35 Cents

THE NEW HARPERS MAGAZINE IS ESTABLISHED

From the moment its vivid cover first appeared, the new Harpers has been phenomenally successful. As the first number—September—disappeared with gratifying rapidity from the newsstands, hundreds of letters, spontaneous and enthusiastic, flooded the editorial offices.

Then the October number appeared—and the November, more than fulfilling the bright promise of September, and the letters began to say, "You've done it! You're getting out numbers each one better than the last."

Meanwhile the newsstands sales and new subscriptions continue to mount. And in all circles where educated Americans gather, where talk is spirited and fearless, Harpers Magazine is once more acclaimed as the leading magazine of American thought.

THE DECEMBER NUMBER CONTAINS

MODERN MARRIAGE
by Dr. Beatrice M. Hinkle

PADEREWSKI, THE PARADOX OF EUROPE
by Colonel Edward M. House

CONCERNING PRAYER
by Dr. Harry E. Fosdick

ENGLAND AND THE DOLE
by A. G. Gardiner

LIVING ON THE RAGGED EDGE
Anonymous

SLUMBERERS OF THE SURGE
by William Beebe

COLONIAL HISTORY DEBUNKED
by Harold W. Faulkner

THUNDER ON THE LEFT, PART IV
by Christopher Morley

PORTRAIT OF A RED FACED GENERAL
by Philip Guedalla

THE HORRORS OF WASHINGTON
by H. G. Dwight

AMERICA'S POLITICAL APATHY
by Frank R. Kent

CHRISTMAS EVE
by Walter de la Mare

STORIES: *Wilbur Daniel Steele, Gordon Arthur Smith, Ada Jack Carver*
DEPARTMENTS: The Editor's Easy Chair—The Lion's Mouth—Personal and Otherwise—Among the New Books—In the Financial World.

Harpers MAGAZINE

Forty-Nine East Thirty-Third Street, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MINTON, BALCH *Books*

AMERICANA

Here are four highly diverting books reflecting the spirit of youthful, wildly exuberant America, when she was still an outpost of civilization. They are history—authentic, yet spirited—as enthralling as any thrillers ever written.

LORD TIMOTHY DEXTER
of Newburyport, Mass.
By J. P. Marquard

"A highly curious and unconventional biography of purest Americana. In story content, narrative style, illustrations and format, the bock is a delightful affair. Its startling original content will be an occasion for rejoicing."—*Laurence Stallings in the New York World. 3rd Printing.* $3.50

THEM WAS THE DAYS
From El Paso to Prohibition
By Owen P. White

Yarns about gun-men, bad-men, rustlers and rangers by an old-timer. "A couple of hundred pages of chuckles, laughs and guffaws." — *New York World.* Illustrated. $3.00

THE TAMING OF THE FRONTIER
Edited by Duncan Aikman

Tales of the subduing of ten wild Western towns told by representative writers. "As non-fiction there is pretty snappy material throughout the book and the time spent reading it will not be regretted."—*Chicago Daily News.* $3.00

THE FIRST FORTY-NINER
and the Story of the Golden Tea-Caddy
By James A. B. Scherer

The story of young California, of the magical birth of San Francisco, of the discovery of gold and the flamboyant years that followed, and of Sam Brannan, adventurer and leader. Mr. Scherer has pictured those colorful days with humorous understanding and vigor. Illustrated. $1.50

At All Bookstores

Minton, Balch and Company
7 East 45th St., New York

The New Books

Drama

(*Continued from page 320*)

mon with theirs, yet it is not the same. For Mr. Colum, though he may have borrowed something from the movement of his contemporaries, never borrowed anything to distinguish his personal imagination. His plays ring dramatically true today. The same cannot be said of more than a few others written at the same time by other authors who bent to the same influences and ideals as Mr. Colum. The shadow of Synge falls across his stage, but he is no mere imitator, witness the beautiful concluding speech of Cornelius in "The Land" and the delicate idiomatic dialogue which distinguishes all three plays. Mr. Colum has yet to come into his own.

SEA PLAYS. Edited by Colin Campbell Clements. Small, Maynard. 1925.

Here are gathered ten short sea plays, selected with admirable understanding by Mr. Clements. The plays are mainly of the sea, as felt upon the shore, where, after all, its deeps make such lasting impressions. "Just Two Men," one of the pieces afloat, takes place on the forecastle of a coastwise freighter. It gives a clear understanding of the enfolding power of the sea. At sea, small tragedy and comedy are singled out and magnified; life is separated from the mass, hence the force and character of the sea play.

The collection includes "The Ship Comes In," by Henry B. Fuller; "The Brink of Silence," by Esther E. Galbraith; "Just Two Men," by Eugene Pillot; "The Magic Sea Shell," by John Farrar; "The Outside," by Susan Glaspell; "The Rusty Door," by Howard Southgate; "Second Best," by William Gaston; "Sintram of Skaggerak," by Sada Cowan; "Will-O-The-Wisp," by Doris F. Halman; "The Wondership," by Leon Cunningham.

Economics

THE FINANCIAL ORGANIZATION OF SOCIETY. (Revised Edition). By HAROLD G. MOULTON. University of Chicago Press. 1925. $4.

For a period of five years Mr. Moulton's book has been depended upon by economists and business men as the standard work in its field. But these late years have seen speedy changes in financial arrangements and it is time for a revision. Evidently the obligation has been taken seriously, for the book has been thoroughly reworked and once again can be said to be the best informed as well as the most balanced and trustworthy of its kind. Especially valuable are the new treatments of the foreign exchanges, of the federal reserve system, of urban real estate finance, of coöperative credit and labor banking, and of the problems surrounding the raising of agricultural capital under the Intermediate Credits Act.

THE MARXIAN ECONOMIC HANDBOOK AND GLOSSARY. By W. H. EMMETT. International Publishers. 1925. $3.25.

Few people have ever read Marx; many have acted upon the assumption that they knew his system, getting their knowledge second hand. Here is the best second-hand Marx ever prepared—best because it does not "interpret," merely sorts and makes available the essential doctrines hidden in the masses of verbiage of "Capital."

ECONOMIC LIBERALISM. By JACOB H. HOLLANDER. Abingdon. 1925. $1.50.

This is a definition of modern liberalism by reference to the consequences of its attitudes in what Professor Hollander feels to be the four outstanding issues of the present: the price level, taxation, trade unionism, and social reform—a printing of the current Bennett foundation lectures at Wesleyan University. For one who is interested in maintaining a rounded liberal attitude, or who happens to be interested in any of the main classes of its subject-matter the book ought to be of some value.

MARKETING. By EDMUND BROWN, JR. Harpers. 1925. $3.

Textbooks covering the various fields of business technique are growing numerous. This one covers the field of commodity marketing in an industrious way, extending pretty much over the whole field. Fourteen chapters are devoted to descriptions of the marketing procedure for individual commodities. The other twenty-one chapters deal with such subjects as future trading, general marketing policy, and wholesale distribution. There is no original contribution to marketing theory and there are no startling conclusions from surveys of the facts; what can be said is that there is adequate description and summary for one who requires a casual knowledge of marketing processes.

CURRENT ECONOMIC PROBLEMS. By WALTON H. HAMILTON. University of Chicago Press. 1925. $4.

There is no better way of being introduced to the besetting problems of industrial life than through such a volume of readings as Mr. Hamilton offers. The book as it appears now is, it is true, a rewriting of an older work, but it is better for that. The arrangement has by now been thoroughly thought out and welded together by a series of editorial notes that are, beyond comparison, the most brilliant writing in contemporary economics.

The orientation of Mr. Hamilton's book is toward the control of industrial development. Its theory rests upon a few simple propositions. They are stated thus: "that our society is a developing one; that the institutions which make up its structure are interdependent; that industry occupies a place of prime importance in determining its nature; that current problems rest upon the triple fact of an immutable human nature, a scheme of social arrangements based upon individualism, and a world wide industry organized about the machine technique; that current problems represent a lack of harmony among these elements; and that conscious attention to these interrelated problems is the means through which industrial development is to be controlled." Such an aim, so seriously carried out, must enlist the attention of any one who is interested in the future of humanity.

Fiction

THE SPELL OF SARNIA. By MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS. Doran. 1925. $2.

This is an exciting tale of melodramatic happenings in Guernsey, the very book for a slack mood, a long pipe (or a box of candies) and a winter evening. Mrs. Reynolds has varied a familiar theme, the native's return to claim his inheritance. She is careful not to make that inheritance too rightful, but we do get a lost will and, what is much better, a lost formula for the most bewitching of perfumes. Then there is a detective, unrevealed until the last few pages, and a villain, polished, urbane, though not very sinful. His worst exploit is to reintroduce cock-fighting into the Channel Islands and thus awaken the local branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Still he is a potential villain and he serves his purpose. Mrs. Reynolds half unmasks him at the outset. Even a yawning reader will find something to awaken him in the remainder of the book.

CAUCASIAN FOLK-TALES. Selected and translated from the originals by Adolf Dirr. Translated into English by Lucy Menzies. Dutton. 1925. $2.

Professor Dirr's ten years of labor were well expended in collecting the materials of this volume to which no less than sixty nations in the little melting-pot of the Caucasus directly or indirectly contributed. Beast-fables, fairy tales, and legends, with strange Christian phantoms of Prometheus, Polyphemus, Rustum, Solomon, Alexander the Great as heroes of new sagas, offer valuable material for the student of culture. Although the work in its present form is the translation of a translation, no one would guess it from the style which is as simple and easy as the tales themselves.

SNOW RUBIES. By "GRANPAT" (M. L. A. GOMPERTZ). Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $2.

One very typical Anglo-Indian officer (that is, brave, decent and tremendously efficient), one very typical Anglo-Indian engineer (that is, brave, immaculate, and tremendously efficient), another typical Anglo-Indian officer, and the first typical Anglo-Indian officer's typically Anglo-Indian sister (that is, brave, charming, and tremendously efficient) set out for the highest of the Hills to search for rubies. On the way to the scene of their endeavors, they quote poetry to each other to prove that they are not seeking mere rubies and wealth but are going a far pilgrimage to Samarcand, to Carcassonne, to

Two novels that readers of all types may read and enjoy

ErnestineSophie
by Sophia Cleugh
Author of "Matilda"

Here is another story as delightful as "Matilda, Governess of the English," which made such a success last year.

Ernestine Sophie is every whit as charming a person as her predecessor, and the theme of the book just as original and genuinely amusing.

Without a doubt with Mrs. Cleugh there arrived a novelist of power and individuality whose wholesome novels anyone may read and enjoy.
Price $2.00

Matilda, Governess of the English

"A joyous, romantic, engaging tale." —*The Outlook.*

"A sheer delight." —*The Spur.*

"More delight to the page than any book we have read in 1924." —*N.Y. Evening World.*

"Barely a page that does not ripple with gentle pleasantry." —*N.Y. Times.*

"Not one novel on the autumn list which can touch it." —*Woman's Home Companion.*

Price $2.50

The Macmillan Company

BOOTH and THE SPIRIT OF LINCOLN

A stirring romance of the escape of John Wilkes Booth. The idyl of the young actor and lovely Bessie Hale is sweet with the fragrance of young love. In the conversion of Booth from a bitter enemy to a lover of Lincoln through understanding with the spirit of the Martryred President, Mrs. Babcock has struck a deeply human appeal. No admirer of Lincoln can resist it. This "story of a living dead man" is founded on documentary evidence collected by the author.

By BERNIE BABCOCK
Author of
"THE SOUL of ANN RUTLEDGE"
$2.00 at All Bookstores
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

To know the theatre is to know all the Arts better

FIND, if you can, another Art than the Theatre which includes painting, sculpture, design, costume, music, the dance, poetry, pathos, humor, tragedy—the summing up of life and the history of life.

Theatre Arts Monthly is the standard authority and guide on the arts, the technique, the personalities and the practical work of the theatre in every civilized country. To read it is to know all the arts better.

The subscription is only $4.00 a year—single copies Fifty Cents. Send us this advertisement and we will send you the current number free.

THEATRE ARTS MONTHLY
7 EAST 42ND STREET NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eternal Beauty. Having unearthed an underground, imbecile people, descendants of the slaves in the ancient mines, they run perfunctorily through all the necessary and inevitable amusements of any search for treasure, including the capture and escape of the immaculate engineer, the discovery and death of the handsome female ruler of the imbecile people, forays, shootings, and landslides. These adventures, in themselves unamazing and undramatically presented, must be approached over an impossible terrain of assorted scientific description and exposition that frequently yields some such data as the ethno-psychological tit-bit which declares that an Indian may tell the truth sitting down, but must perforce be mendacious standing up. The writing is puerile, awkwardly pretentious, and—especially unforgivable in an adventure novel—dull.

MOCKERY GAP. By T. F. Powys. Knopf. 1925. $2.50.

Unlike Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. T. F. Powys can write stories of the English country which are at once magnificently fantastic and unmistakably true, and he can create country men and country women who are at once as fantastic as anything out of the Brothers Grimm and as true as anything out of Arnold Bennett. Mr. Powys's Prings and Pottles and Caddys and Pinks are visited by a large number of calamities—precisely those calamities which are always visited on characters who have the misfortune to find themselves in novels of peasant life. They are drowned, they are run down by the motors of their betters, their daughters refuse to wait for the wedding bells, and suffer the consequences of their impatience.

But Mr. Powys never asks his readers to suffer over their misfortunes—not any more than a cubist painter asks his admirers to suffer over the cleft pear which inevitably places in his canvas, a little to the right. And that refusal to demand the reader's tears is almost certainly the distinction between English novelists of the nineteenth century and English novelists of the twentieth century. But the misfortune of Mrs. Moggs and Mrs. Tuckle and Mrs. Pattimore are related to each other and obliquely, they are also related to us pathetically and almost tenderly. "Mockery Gap" has the warmth of all humanity that is touched by high imagination, by deep sympathy, even though it is touched by that cool irony that could not be surpassed by Mr. Norman Douglas himself. And it is written in a prose that is always delicate and clever and flexible—a prose that is also a distinction of twentieth century English novelists.

CLING OF THE CLAY. By Milton Hayes. Adelphi. 1925. $2.

Almost one half of this strangely constructed novel must be read before it becomes apparent that the balance is to be developed into an ingenious, swiftly moving murder-mystery-detective story. The earlier portion introduces the various principals, William Fayle, prosperous master brickmaker of Manchester, England, his wife and five sons, of whom Ernest, the youngest, if not exactly the hero, is at least the character of the book most extensively dealt with. There are tragic ghosts in the Fayle family cupboard, and when they are turned loose, the underlying significance of much that has previously happened is brought into the open and given free play. The complications of the plot are far too involved for detailed summary here, but the tale possesses throughout a power and fascination not often met with in the populous field of the thriller.

THE WAY OF ALL EARTH. By Edith Barnard Delano. Boni & Liveright. 1925. $2.

The scenes of domestic discord, in which Brice Denison and his wife Anne enact the eternal cat and dog, provide the first hundred pages of this story with an interest which wanes steadily thereafter, but never to the extent of dying out completely. In the character of Anne the author has created a thoroughly hateful, mercenary, nagging wife who is incessantly tormenting her patient and stolid husband to improve their modest income, to move with the times, to keep up with the "better fixed" people in whose company she desires to shine. Marital discord mounts to a crisis after they have been married ten years and are both well past thirty. The wife's sordid ambition carries her beyond the limits of reasonable decency when, in order to hurry her plodding husband into sudden prosperity, she secretly intrusts his savings of $4,000 to [illegible] "turnover." Meanwhile [illegible] to retrieve his money, Brice has been offered a generous proposition [illegible] on condition [illegible] the firm. Unable [illegible] Brice sees the advancement [illegible] well.

[illegible] and wife, instead of meeting [illegible] like responsible people, [illegible] mean tricks on each other by disappearing without leaving a clue to their separate whereabouts and intentions. The forsaken wife is belatedly to experience motherhood for the first time, and one readily foresees the baby uniting the estranged pair. But that meeting is deferred until six years after the little stranger's arrival, the interim giving Anne time and opportunity to develop into a nobler person than the one we first knew.

We are repeatedly called upon to witness Anne's triumph over the ordeal of housework and garden chores. Enough words go into the process of her reclamation to save a dozen heavier sinners from the flames. But if this portion of the book is a trifle tedious, it has clearly the merits of a thorough dignity, a strict restraint, a complete absence of exaggeration and of the labored endeavor to coax a tear. The task of changing Anne from the wayward, defiant, unscrupulous personality of the beginning into the mature and spiritual woman of the close was no simple one. But the author has managed the transformation competently and in spite of the timeworn devices she uses to clear the path for her heroine's lonely and valiant ascent.

THESE MORTALS. By Margaret Irwin. Seltzer. 1925. $2.

If the ending of "These Mortals" did not suggest the ending of "The High Place"—with the dark cloud of Mr. Cabell's satire turned inside out to show the silver lining of romance—Miss Margaret Irwin's new tale would suggest that its author is well-read in the earlier works of James Branch Cabell, but that she has not yet gone on to "Jurgen" and "Figures of Earth" and "The High Place." But with a last page on which the beautiful and amiable and innocent Melusine assembles her king and her baby and floats away on the mighty wings of her Raven, and which inevitably recalls the page on which Count Florian's young countess assembled Holy Hoprig and her baby and caught the last cloud going west, "These Mortals" suggests that its author may be of the age Mr. Cabell was when he wrote "Domnei," and that she is therefore unable to be entirely cynical.

If she has not read "Domnei," the coincidence of manner and of borrowing from the old tale of Melusina is extraordinary, even if it may be explained by a common obligation to the Reverend Sabine Baring-Gould's mediæval tales. But Miss Irwin's obligation to Mr. Cabell is only the obligation which any commencing author may fairly owe to one of her day's epoch-making writers of fiction, and Miss Irwin is a vassal whom any literary overlord might be glad to welcome. Her tale is the tale of the beautiful and amiable and innocent Melusine, daughter of the Enchanter Aldebaran and of the Fairy Melusina, and she has told it delicately and charmingly and sometimes even cleverly. She has also managed to make the court of the Emperor Eminondas a very excellent microcosm of this foolish world, and to justify the celebrated cynicism of Puck, wisest of the fairies, quoted by the learned Aldebaran to make the title and its origin unmistakable. She has in fact, managed to give her book almost every virtue except interest.

THE DEPTHS OF PROSPERITY. By Phyllis Bottome and Dorothy Thompson. Doran. 1925. $2.

One looks in vain here for any sign of the distinguished workmanship which has long characterized the novels of Phyllis Bottome. We are not informed, of course, as to the extent of her labors and responsibility in collaboration with Miss Thompson, but the completed product of the alliance gives us no incentive to proclaim the magic word "Success." The story's initial assumption that a beautiful, forty-year-old woman may be so fiendishly jealous of her daughter's competing charms as to deliberately plan and partially carry out the girl's slow destruction fails to withstand the simplest test of reason. When the torment of the girl is ruthlessly prosecuted through the whole book at the same pitch of violent, unconvincing malevolence, one's sense of the preposterous is finally reduced to unprotesting muteness.

(Continued on next page)

A SELECTED LIST OF

New Books from Beacon Hill

THE ADVENTURES OF AN ILLUSTRATOR
By JOSEPH PENNELL

A piquant, racy autobiography, expressing in downright terms a famous artist's views of people and things, with interesting anecdotes of great men of arts and letters, such as Whistler, Lang, Howells, Hamerton, Beardsley, Wells and Shaw, and much practical information on the technique of illustration. Among the two hundred illustrations are drawings, etchings and lithographs by Mr. Pennell, many of them reproduced for the first time, together with examples of the work of other famous artists of Europe and America. The volume is a large quarto (8¾ by 12¼ inches) and has been beautifully printed by William Edwin Rudge under the close supervision of Mr. Pennell. *Bound in buckram.* $12.50

JOHN S. SARGENT: HIS LIFE AND WORK
By WILLIAM HOWE DOWNES

A biographical sketch of the great artist, by the former art editor of *The Boston Transcript*, with a complete catalogue of Sargent's works and 42 halftone reproductions of his paintings. The book is a quarto (8 by 11 inches) and is beautifully printed by William Edwin Rudge on specially made papers. *Red buckram, gilt top.* $8.00

THE TRUE STEVENSON *By GEORGE S. HELLMAN*

All Stevenson enthusiasts will treasure this biography, for it contains unpublished poems and letters, and is illustrated with facsimiles of manuscripts, drawings, etc. $3.50
250 copies, uncut. $6.50

THE ROMANCE OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE
By MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD

The dominant personalities of the American stage from the earliest days are presented, with appropriate settings, in this valuable and comprehensive survey of the history of the American theatre. Miss Crawford has discovered a wealth of material concerning our first playhouses and old-time stars. Her book recalls the "good old days" when Forrest, Rachel, Booth, Jefferson and Charlotte Cushman were idols of the hour, and also takes in such outstanding later figures as Tony Pastor, Weber and Fields, George M. Cohan and others. *With 100 illustrations,* $4.00

CONGRESS, THE CONSTITUTION AND THE SUPREME COURT
By CHARLES WARREN

A timely book, by the author of "The Supreme Court in United States History" (awarded the Pulitzer Prize for the best history of 1922), that explains clearly the relation of the Supreme Court to Acts of Congress. $3.00

THE AMERICAN DRAMATIST
By MONTROSE J. MOSES

This new edition, completely rewritten, of Mr. Moses' authoritative book on the subject will make an excellent gift for followers of the drama and for students. It is so shaped that the latter has at hand every reference and every chronological fact necessary for a full perspective of the work of the American dramatist from 1714 to the present day. *With 40 illustrations and 5 facsimiles.* $3.50

For Sale at all Booksellers

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS — 34 BEACON STREET — BOSTON

A Great American Autobiography

THE CONFESSIONS OF A REFORMER

By Frederic C. Howe

Twenty-five years in the rough and tumble of public life—in the Cleveland city council with the remarkable Tom Johnson—in the Ohio state senate—as Commissioner of Immigration at New York—with President Wilson at Paris. And now Frederic C. Howe honestly appraises his career as a reformer. His disclosures make this a highly controversial book. It is written in an electric and fascinating style.

Now and again there comes an autobiography which seems to spring from the very heart of American life—Michael Pupin's "From Immigrant to Inventor", Edward Bok's "Americanization". This is such a book.

$3.00 *at all bookstores*

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

THE HOLLY HEDGE

By TEMPLE BAILEY

The joy and tenderness of the Holiday Season shines from every page of these delightful Christmas stories.

Illustrated and attractively boxed.....$2.00

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
THE PENN PUBLISHING CO. PHILADELPHIA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OXFORD BOOKS

THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM OSLER
By HARVEY CUSHING
2 Vols. *Net* $12.50

"All physicians, medical students, and those who intend to study medicine should read it. Habitual readers of biographies should be delighted with its charm and simplicity." - *New York Times.*

A RANDOM RECORD OF TRAVEL DURING FIFTY YEARS
By WILLIAM DUDLEY FOULKE. *Net* $2.50

With his latest volume Mr. Foulke contrasts the methods of travel today with those of half a century ago; shows the changes in scenes revisited after a new generation has appeared.

MUSICAL TASTE AND HOW TO FORM IT
By M. D. CALVOCORESSI
85c

It will be of great interest to all who study the arts as he treats his subject in a familiar language.

A HISTORY OF GREEK RELIGION
By MARTIN P. NILSSON
Net $4.25

A highly civilized people having lived in Greece before the Greeks, the history of the Greek religion commences in the Minoan-Mycenaean age.

LIFE IN MEDIAEVAL FRANCE
By JOAN EVANS *Net* $5.25

Miss Evans describes the background of the mediaeval history of France—likening history to a great tapestry.

THE DOME OF THE ROCK IN JERUSALEM
By E. T. RICHMOND
With 92 illustrations.
Net $42.00

The aim has been to record the state of this famous shrine at an important moment of history, when Jerusalem, after an interval of more than eight hundred years, is once again occupied by a European Power. The work is richly illustrated by photographs and by coloured drawings of the tiles and other details.

A NATION IN MAKING
By Sir SURENDRANATH BANERJEA *Net* $6.50

Being the reminiscences of fifty years of public life in India.

BEN JONSON
Edited by C. H. HERFORD and PERCY SIMPSON.
Vols. I and II. The Man and His work.
Net $14.00

Limited edition on hand-made paper.
Net $30.00

The first two volumes of a complete critical edition which has been many years in preparation. These two introductory volumes make a complete book in themselves, and will be sold separately. They contain a new life, incorporating a large body of fresh material, some of it hitherto unknown, with critical Introductions to the entire text. The remaining eight volumes will contain, together with the text of the works, a complete critical apparatus and a full commentary.

At all Booksellers or from the Publishers

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS *American Branch*
35 WEST 32nd STREET, NEW YORK

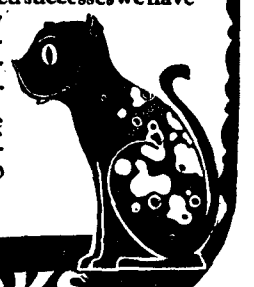
THE TORTOISESHELL CAT

England's "best novel of the year"

by Naomi G. Royde Smith

"THE TORTOISESHELL CAT is very clever, very finished, very witty, very daring . . . so entertaining that one feels, on turning the three hundredth and tenth page, that our acquaintanceship with the queer, sophisticated, cranky or merely charming people in that story has been cut short too soon. Naughty perhaps, but nice." —*London Sketch.*

"To come upon such a novel as Miss Naomi Smith's THE TORTOISESHELL CAT is, in comparison with the bulk of recent fiction, like having a bath after a ball. In the characters of V.V. and Lady Winona, Miss Smith has compassed successes we have not recently seen equalled."—*Liverpool Courier.*



"It is certainly the best novel we have read this year."—*The Weekly Westminster.*

$2.50

Boni & Liveright, N.Y.

GOOD BOOKS

Mr. Galsworthy's CARAVAN
on its long journey

All over the country, those who appreciate fine fiction are enriching their libraries with this companion volume to "The Forsyte Saga," for they realize that its 760 pages represent one of the most distinguished values ever offered. $2.50 at all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS · FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

Scribner's Magazine—The Medium for Travel Information

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE UNDER DOGS. By HULBERT FOOTNER. Doran. 1925. $2.

Old fashioned crook melodrama, with all the ancient contrivances set shakily to work once more, is Mr. Footner's present contribution to romantic letters. His narrative centers about the pursuit by a superwoman detective, Madame Rosika Storey, of a strongly organized band of criminals whose speciality is jewel robbery on a gigantic scale. Rosika, in disguise, first has herself sent to prison, then is helped to escape by the organization, who thereupon accept her into their midst as a probationary, apprentice member. The directing genius of the group does not appear in person till the end, when Rosika traps him, but oversees from afar the undertakings of his "operatives." These latter he entrusts to the care of a fearful female Fagin who keeps house for them in a Greenwich Village den. Here such things occur as few of us have ever dreamed in the wildest of our childhood nightmares.

GABRIEL SAMARA, PEACEMAKER. By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. Little, Brown. 1925. $2.

It was some thirty years after the close of the World War that, as we elder folk recall, Gabriel Samara, President of Russia and extinguisher of the tyrannical Bolshevist régime, visited this country officially to negotiate a trifling loan of 200,000,000 dollars for the financing of his nation's industries. While the deal was pending the executive resided in a New York hotel, where he engaged in a secretarial capacity the services of Catherine Borans. Little did he reck what tremendous events were to arise and divert him from his congenial association with the girl, and little does the unwarned reader reck what a fearful bore the Oppenheimian twaddle can be when let loose, as here, at its worst. The yarn is a feeble, but prentitious and windy attempt to foretell momentous happenings in European governments of the distant future. We have searched the book vainly for a redeeming feature in its sustained banality.

THE SELMANS. By V. R. EMANUEL. Dial. 1925. $2.

This novel offers us a cross section of Jewish social life in England. Or rather, a cross section of Jewish social life in London. To be still more exact, we should say a particularly unflattering cross section of a part of this social life. For factualism, not reality, is the aim of reportorial novels like "The Selmans," and the naturalism involved is strictly two-dimensional. Mr. Emanuel has merely told us the surface story of the descendants of Schmool Solomon who opened a pawn shop in London in 1835. The pattern of the novel—for it cannot be said to attain to form—is afforded by the rather aimless peregrinations of the hero through raucous chapters of talk.

THE ULTIMATE ISLAND. By L. DE GIBERNE SIEVEKING. International Publishers. 1925. $2.

In its sub-title—sub-titles are becoming as popular as middle names used to be—this work is called "A Strange Adventure," but the strangest thing about it is that it should ever have been written. It is, to be sure, adventure up to date, with aeroplane flights from London to New York; the discovery of a group of islands in the midst of the Atlantic, surrounded by swirling eddies sucking in great ships whose passengers remain and establish some obscure sort of a government; more aeroplane flights; some smuggling; still more aeroplane flights; and the end in which the righteous are saved and the wicked punished. The whole thing might be called an empty Wells.

MORE ACES. Putnam's. 1925.

This is a worthy successor to "Aces," the collection of short stories compiled last year by the Community Workers of the New York Guild for the Jewish Blind. Thyra Winslow, G. B. Stern, Dorothy Canfield, and Kathleen Norris reappear in the present volume, along with eleven others including Willa Cather, Galsworthy, and Fanny Hurst. In most instances the stories show their authors at their best.

VAINGLORY. By *Ronald Firbank.* Brentanos. $2.

THREE FARMS. By *Cynthia Stockley.* Putnams. $1.50.

PETER THE CZAR. By *Klabund.* Putnams. $2.

BEYOND THE OUTPOST. By *Peter Henry Morland.* Putnam. $2.

"THE PLOT CONCERNS —." By *Joseph Kaye* and *Burr Cook.* Putnam. $2.

ARIEL CUSTER. By *Grace Livigston Hill.* Lippincott. $2.

SHELTER. By *Charles Fielding Marsh.* Appleton. $2.

W. M. COOMBE ST. MARY'S. By *Maud Diver.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

THE ETERNAL CIRCLE. By *Jay William Hudson.* Appleton. $2.

FIG LEAVES. By *Mildred Evans Gilman.* Siebel. $2.

BRED IN THE BONE. By *Elsie Singmaster.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

THE VATICAN SWINDLE. By *Andre Gide.* Knopf. $2.50 net.

ADOLPHE. By *Benjamin Constant.* Knopf.

THE OLIVE ORCHARD. By *Guy de Maupassant.* Knopf.

THE LORD OF TERRER. By *Marcel Allain McKay.* $2 net.

KRAKATIT. By *Karel Capek.* Macmillan. $2.50 net.

THE GOLDEN SNAIL. By *Victor MacClure.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

THE CHARTERHOUSE OF PARMA. By *Stendhal.* Translated by *C. K. Scott-Monerief.* Boni & Liveright. 2 vols. $5 net.

THE TORTOISE SHELL CAT. By *Namoi G. Royde-Smith.* Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING AND EVENING. By *Grace S. Richmond.* Doubleday, Page. $1 net.

THE HEART OF KATIE O'DOONE. By *Leroy Scott.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

MATRIX. By *Melvin P. Levy.* Seltzer. $2.

THE SURRY FAMILY. By *Helen R. Hull.* Macmillan.

MOTHER. By *E. F. Benson.* Doran. $3.50 net.

THE GREAT WORLD. By *A Gentleman With a Duster.* Doran. $2 net.

SAM IN THE SUBURBS. By *P. G. Wodehouse.* Doran. $2 net.

DIANE DE TURGIS. By *Arthur Symons.* New York: Arnold Co., 320 Broadway.

QUESTERS OF THE DESERT. By *James Willard Schultz.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.

MICHAEL SCARLETT. By *James Gould Cozzens.* A. & C. Boni. $2.

NO MORE PARADES. By *Ford Madox Ford.* A. & C. Boni. $2.50.

PEGGY'S PRIZE CRUISE. By *Kate Dickinson Sweetser.* Barse & Hopkins.

TREADING THE WINEPRESS. By *Ralph Connor.* Doran. $2 net.

THE GIRL WHO CAST OUT FEAR. By *Dorothy Speare.* Doran. $2 net.

THE WORLD'S BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1925. Doran. $2.50 net.

MR. GUELPA. By *Vance Thompson.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

THE WOMAN AT THE DOOR. By *Hugo Ballin.* Hollywood, Calif.: David Graham Fischer.

THE GREEN ARCH. By *Claude Washburn.* A. C. Boni. $2.

THE LOUGHSIDERS. By *Shan F. Bullock.* Di Press. $2.

THE MARRIED MAN. By *Robert Grant.* Scribners. $2.

Miscellaneous

PERILS OF THE SEA. By J. G. LOCKHART. Stokes. 1925. $3.

Mr. Lockhart has gathered eighteen of the world's most picturesque ship disasters making a volume of great interest to those who like stories of heroism staged at sea. The wrecks begin with *The Ship*, 1120 and the tale ends with the *Titanic*. The author shows judgment in the tales passed over, leaving out the welter of sea disasters due to the war, great tragedies pure and simple, breaking down of human relations' fiction rather than stories of man's losing battle with the elements.

"Perils of the Sea" is well illustrated and includes such classics as Archer's letter to his mother on the loss of H. M. S. *Phoenix*, the *Loss of the Royal George*, and the *Story of The Birkenhead.*

The selection is admirable and well worth adding to any collection of books of the sea.

ANNAPOLIS: ITS COLONIAL AND NAVAL STORY. By WALTER B. NORRIS. Crowell. 1925. $3.

This attractive volume, written by a man who has approached his task with a very evident enthusiasm, should have a wide appeal, not only to students of the early history of Maryland, but particularly to those who are interested in the aristocratic society of colonial times. For Annapolis in the days of its youth was truly a representative of the best social life in the Colonies, and has preserved to the present day the flavor of its historic past.

With meticulous scholarship and most graceful diction, Professor Norris has traced the history of the city from its first settlement on the Severn in 1649 to the present day—a period of nearly three centuries. He tells us of its early Colonial life with its clubs, its theatres, and its races, of the stirring Revolutionary period, with its Patriots, and its Tories, of the troublous days of the Civil War, and finally of modern times with the Naval Academy dominating the city's life.

It is illustrated with charming etchings by Metour, and drawings by Vernon Howe Bailey, which add greatly to the permanent value of the work. Well written, well printed, and well illustrated, it should be in the hands of all prospective visitors to this quaint, charming little town.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OLD HOUSES OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON. By H. EDWARD FORREST. Doran. 1925. $3.50.

Visitors, making their pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon, could not, in truth, do better than take with them Mr. Forrest's fascinating book. "It is a curious fact," he says, "that in spite of the voluminous literature that has grown up around Shakespeare's town, very little has been written about the houses apart from those connected with the poet himself." Visitors, obsessed by their interest in Shakespeare, are apt to overlook Stratford as one of the most typical survivals of the old English town. Mr. Forrest attempts to divert some of the usual interest and his description of the town from a point of view unprejudiced by the prevailing interest is an excellent and serviceable piece of work. Nevertheless the Shakespearean interest is by no means neglected, and the visitor who is willing to suffer Mr. Forrest's "dear and gentle reader" will learn more about Stratford from his pages than from many another book on the subject.

SAINTS AND LADIES. By CLARISSA H. SPENCER. The Woman's Press. 1925. $1.50.

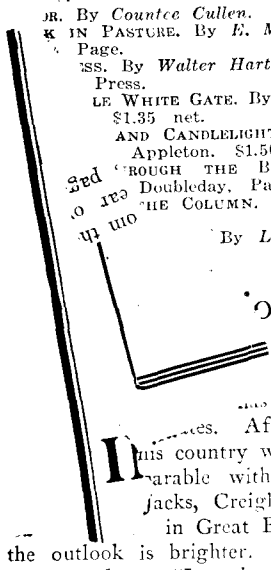
The saints and ladies in question have been chosen from those honorably mentioned in the Annals of the Christian Church. Beginning with the meagre references in the Gospels the author traces feminine influence through the more picturesque accounts of women like Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, Perpetua, The Martyr, and some of the Saints of the Middle Ages, then the reformation wives and women preachers of later revivals and ends with a discussion of the place of women in the church today. A by no means dull fragment of feminist religious history with a sane conclusion. We like it all but the petition quoted at the end which drops to a sanctimonious tone happily absent from the book itself. It is a small volume delightfully printed on good paper between limp leather covers.

Poetry

POEMS FROM THE WORKS OF CHARLES COTTON. Newly Decor- by CLAUD LOVAT FRASER. Holt. 5. $2.

's volume of poems selected by the Claud Lovat Fraser from the poems arles Cotton, long a favorite of his the older poets, is chiefly interest- ecause of Fraser's decorations, al- the poems of Cotton are a flavor- oduct of his particular period. The was originally published in England l years ago, shortly after Fraser's It is an engaging trifle in *belles*

OR. By *Countee Cullen*. Harpers. $2.
K IN PASTURE. By *E. Mackinstry*. Double- Page.
SS. By *Walter Hart Blumenthal*. Vail- Press.
LE WHITE GATE. By *Florence Hoatson*. $1.35 net.
AND CANDLELIGHT. By *Sister Mary* Appleton. $1.50.
ROUGH THE BLUE. By *Herman* Doubleday, Page.
THE COLUMN. By *Keith Preston*.
By *Leonie Adams*. Mc-



on

ERNMENT. By itury. 1925. $3. ...s turned a corner ...es. After the war few ...is country were bringing out ...arable with those of Dean Jacks, Creighton Miller, and in Great Britain, but today the outlook is brighter. Doctor Atherton's recent volume "Interchurch Government" is the first serious attempt to give a total view of the practical and theoretical difficulties involved in church unity.

This book breaks away from usual accounts of interchurch organizations and sets forth basic philosophical and theological concepts upon which the church imperialism, cosmopolitanism, regionalism, and denominationalism rest. The assessment given to existing coöperative agencies and denominations is objective and fair. The author's acknowledgment that "the methods adopted by the denominational boards in both the home and foreign mission fields form a striking parallel to the methods adopted in the field of commercial imperialism," is a fact for which all believers should do penance in sackcloth and ashes. There is nothing covered up in the account and no unseemly boasting on behalf of any differences between Protestantism and Catholic-

... "Church and State" ... historical development of ... relations and focus attention ... upon the irreconcilable ... Roman Catholicism and ... *liberta chiesa in* ...

... Protestantism to ... worthy and division ... an extreme applied ... doctrine of freedom, and ... toward to a Catholic ... imperialism, autocratic ... will find the reading ... book a fruitful ...

... OF FUNDAMENTALISM AND OTHER STUDIES. By HORACE ... Pascal Covici. 1925. $3. ... the signs of reviving liberalism ... of books whose theme is tolerance. The present volume is a collection of vigorous essays in defence of the rights of the individual conscience. Besides the initial condemnation of the Fundamentalist attitude, it contains an able refutation of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's suggested solution of the Jewish problem, a belated but discriminating criticism of Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn's "Upstream," tributes to Joseph Conrad, Huxley, and Erasmus (whose stock seems to be going up these days as Martin Luther's goes down), and a successful attack on Mr. Clarence Darrow's rendering of determinism. In many of his arguments the author may seem to be flaying dead horses, but if a dead horse insists on running wildly around and obstructing the traffic it probably ought to be flayed.

Science

THE SOIL AND CIVILIZATION. By *Milton Whitney*. Van Nostrand. $3.
FOUNDATIONS OF THE UNIVERSE. By *M. Luckiesh*. Van Nostrand. $3.
THE NEW AGE OF FAITH. By *John Langdon Davies*. Viking Press. $2.50 net.
ANIMALS OF LAND AND SEA. By *Austin Clark*. Van Nostrand. $3.
THE EARTH AND THE STARS. By *Charles G. Abbot*. Van Nostrand. $3.
CHEMISTRY IN MODERN LIFE. By *Svante August Arrhenius*. Translated and revised by *Clifford Shattuck Leonard*. Van Nostrand. $3.
WHY WE BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS. By *George A. Dorsey*. Harpers. $3.50.
EVENINGS WITH THE STARS. By *Mary Proctor*. Harpers. $2.50.
THE MARVELS OF MODERN PHYSICS. By *Joseph McCabe*. Putnams. $1.50.
CHEMISTRY AND CIVILIZATION. By *Allerton S. Cushman*. Dutton. $2.50.
THE EVOLUTION OF ANATOMY. By *Charles Singer*. Knopf. $4 net.
THE MARVELS OF ANIMAL INGENUITY. By *C. A. Ealand*. Lippincott.
THE A B C OF RELATIVITY. By *Bertrand Russell*. Harpers. $2.50.
THE BIOLOGY OF POPULATION GROWTH. By *Raymond Pearl*. Knopf. $3.50 net.
THE CHAIN OF LIFE. By *Lucretia Perry Osborn*. Scribners. $2.
THE ORGANIZATION OF LIFE. By *Seba Eldridge*. Crowell. $1.50 net.

Travel

PARIS ON PARADE. By ROBERT FORREST WILSON. Bobbs-Merrill. 1924. $5.

Here is a genial book about several sides of Paris, that is nicely calculated to provoke in American hearts that endemic ailment, the *wanderlust*. Mr. Wilson knows many odd things, and writes them down pleasantly. The first hundred pages contain an exposition of the inner mysteries of *la couture*, and its dependent businesses; we see Poiret's office, the *parfumeur's* laboratory, the comb-making town of Oyannax, in the Alps, and the mediæval tenement rooms of the *façonniers* in the Paris slums, each one guarding, against the temptations of a commercial age, some old secret of fine hand workmanship, for which hungry machines clamor in vain.

The adventure of dining (no ignoble adventure) receives the adequate treatment of a connoisseur, for Mr. Wilson is at home alike in regal restaurants and apache dives. Wines, he also knows. And he knows Montmartre, and the Latin Quarter, the real Babylon and Bohemia of France, with their bravado, their wit, and their hunger. His book is one to interest the old friend of Paris, as much as the wistful would-be traveler.

THE LONDON COMEDY. Interludes in Town. By C. P. HAWKES. Medici Society. 1925.

LONDON, YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW. By CHARLES G. HARPER. Lippincott. 1925. $2.50.

Colonel Hawkes has gathered together various of the colourful little impressions, pastiches they might almost be called, of London life and types to make a very readable little volume, mellowed by kindly

(Continued on page 329)

Crowell Books

Joyous Books For the Children

Verse

THE LITTLE WHITE GATE
By Floronce Hoatson
A charming group of original versee addressed to children, and those who love children. Four illustrations in color by Margaret W. Tarrant. $1.35

A Pogany Book

A TREASURY OF VERSE FOR LITTLE CHILDREN
By M. G. Edgar (*New Edition*)
Revised and enlarged edition of this favorite treasury, including many poems of recent writers. With 16 line drawings and color frontispiece by Willy Pogany $1.50

Animals

STORIES ABOUT BEARS
By Lilian Gask (*New Edition*)
A delightful story book for little folks, telling of bear friends.. With four illustrations in color. $1.50

Folk Tales

FOLK TALES FROM MANY LANDS
By Lilian Gask (*New Edition*)
An excellent collection which will please children of every age. With colar illustrations and line drawings by Pogany. $2.50

Swiss Children

ARTHUR AND SQUIRREL
By Johanna Spyri
A story of Swiss life by the author of "Heidi" in which the friendship of a boy and a girl is charmingly depicted. Four illustrations in color by Hastings. $1.50

Adventure

SIMON KENTON THE SCOUT
By J. I. Corby
A true Indian adventure story telling the exploits of Simon Kenton who with Daniel Boone, George Rogers Clark and others explored the middle west. With four illustrations in full color by Hastings. $1.75

Pirates

THE BOOK OF PIRATES
By Henry Gilbert (*New Edition*)
True stories about pirates from the time of Julius Caesar down to the Spanish Main. Eight illustrations in color by Stephen Reid. .60

Yuletide

THE CHILDREN'S CAROL
By Johanna Spyri, *Author of "Heidi"*
A charming story carrying the Spirit of Christmas throughout the year. Color frontispiece by Hastings. .60

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY
393 Fourth Avenue New York

Crowell Books

FIRST ISSUE IN THE COMPLETE WORKS OF

STENDHAL

THE

Charterhouse of Parma

Translated by
C. K. SCOTT MONCRIEFF

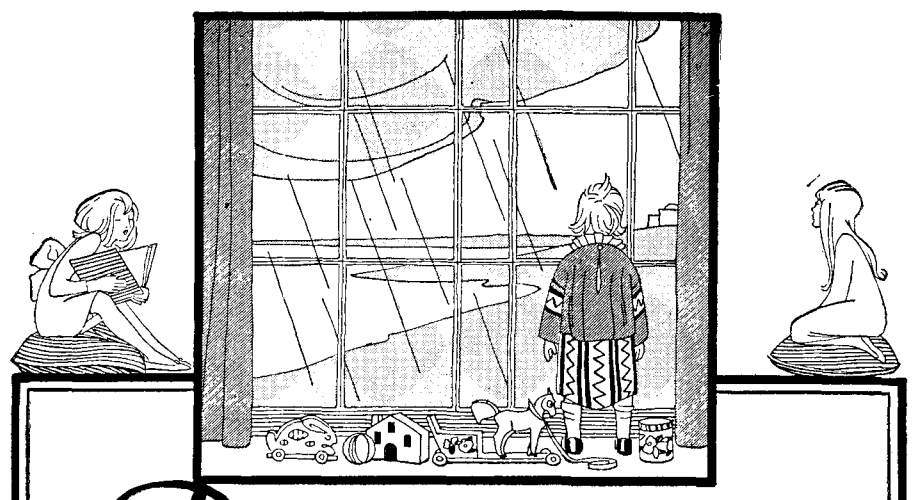
NO COMPLETE edition available of the works of this great French novelist—a strong French section of critical opinion call him the greatest—has appeared in English.

Existing translations are inaccurate having been made from incorrect texts. The present edition is based on the fully corrected texts issued by The Stendhal Society in France. The translations will come largely from Mr. C. K. Scott Moncrieff, noted translator of Proust, who has the general superintendence over the whole edition. Volumes will be uniform. The first issue is THE CHARTERHOUSE OF PARMA, regarded as his masterpiece, and by some critics as the greatest French novel. 2 vols. boxed. $5.00

Boni & Liveright, N. Y.

GOOD BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DIANA FITZPATRICK MAULEVERER JAMES
Was lucky to have the most beautiful names.
How awful for Fathers and Mothers to call
Their children Jemima!—or nothing at all.
But *hers* were much wiser and kinder and cleverer,
They called her Diana Fitzpatrick Mauleverer James.

Anne Carroll Moore in The Bookman says: "I quickly discovered, as you will, that Mr. Milne's gift is not limited to verse, to association with one child or one artist. A rare book of short stories for little children."

A GALLERY *of* CHILDREN
***by* A. A. MILNE**
Author of "When We Were Very Young"

Twelve entirely new stories in prose and verse, illustrated with twelve full page pictures in color by H. Willebeek Le Mair. The most human and the most beautiful book of the year, $3.50

DAVID McKAY COMPANY
McKay books may be had wherever good books are sold
PHILADELPHIA

All who care for good books should own Stevenson. All who appreciate well-made books should own the new South Seas Edition of Stevenson. All who recognize an unusually favorable price for good books should note that

The new South Seas Edition
OF
Robert Louis STEVENSON
is 90¢ *any volume*

Be sure that it is the South Seas Stevenson which you see—the most complete, the *only* complete—edition ever offered at a popular price. The 32 volumes—complete, beautiful, definitive in text—only $28.80.

COMPLETE - AUTHORIZED - COPYRIGHTED

At any place where books are sold

Charles Scribner's Sons · Fifth Avenue · New York

Have your children read

THE DYNAMITER · KIDNAPPED · DAVID BALFOUR?

For Prize Winners

The fifty prize winners in the Conrad Contest, whose names appear on this page are entitled to their choice of any one of the volumes of the Concord Edition of the Works of Joseph Conrad as listed below:

Almayer's Folly
Arrow of Gold, The
Chance
Falk (with Typoon, 1 Vol.)
Inheritors, The
Lord Jim
Mirror of the Sea, The
Nigger of the "Narcissus," The
Nostromo
Notes on Life and Letters
Outcast of the Islands, The
Personal Record, A
Rescue, The
Romance
Rover, The
Secret Agent, The
Set of Six, A
Shadow Line, The
Tales of Unrest
'Twixt Land and Sea
Typhoon (and Falk, 1 Vol.)
Under Western Eyes
Victory
Within the Tides
Youth

Prize winners are urged to send their choice of volumes promptly to:

The Contest Editor The Saturday Review
25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

Essays on "Suspense"

(*Continued from page* 315)

What wonder that these two lonely hearts should draw together? Cosmo beholds in her a woman born for suffering, and in his dream of her sees but the symbol of the actual. The madonna with the dagger in her breast is not only the dream-Adèle but the real Adèle, and we may suspect in this incident (an unusual one in Conrad's books) a forecasting of some fatal end.

Around these two people the novel is built. Other characters, other situations are but adjuncts to the movements of their wills and hearts: Doctor Martel, whose wisdom in conspiracy is a little abortive when it comes to managing the unaccountable Cosmo; Attilio, the gay symbol of romantic action to an Englishman yearning vaguely for that very thing; Clelia, the stubborn round-eyed niece of Montevesso, whose queer infatuation for Cosmo is sure to lead to damage sooner or later; Cantelucci who aids Napoleon that Italy may be saved; Spire, who is too proper for anything; the police, the servants, the English sailors. Thus considered, the novel is less complex than at first reading it would appear to be, and the problem of finding an ending reduces to the problem of following to their logical conclusions the affairs of Cosmo and Adèle.

Napoleon must be left in the distance. We may be sure that Conrad realized the difficulty of putting flesh and blood on the bones of a historical figure. Let him remain a disembodied force, acting from afar.

But Cosmo, at the end of Part IV, is definitely engaged in some sort of Napoleonic enterprise. It would seem that Conrad is pulling his hero completely away from the scene of action that he has carefully built up through four-fifths of a book. Such, we may be sure, is not the case. Cosmo's adventures in the harbor of Genoa, and his subsequent voyage on the mysterious felucca, could not, for all their dramatic quality, be carried very much further, for then Conrad would practically have to start a new novel. After approaching the border of that mystery which is Elba, Cosmo must return to Genoa, and the magnet which draws him (more powerful than Napoleon) is that serene but lonely woman in the Palazzo Rignoli, she whose face was no mask, though for her happiness it might better have been otherwise.

For while Cosmo is retracing his steps to Genoa (in the way which Attilio promises), things must be happening that would not have happened if he had not so wantonly disappeared. The astute Doctor Martel will be astute enough to find out from the Austrian *sbirri* and from the cautious Cantelucci something of the circumstances that took Cosmo mysteriously away. He who commands so many influences, secret and open, may be able to persuade the English ship to look for a suspicious craft concerned in Cosmo's disappearance.

But all this industry will not avail, if anxiety over Cosmo's absence has already betrayed the Countess of Montevesso into some indiscreet expression of her interest in the friend of her childhood. What better excuse for action would a Montevesso upstart want? What could add more fire to the spit-fire fury of that little tiger Clelia, who wants the "popinjay" for herself? What could be easier than for Montevesso to play a double game? He who has sent letters to Elba through Cantelucci will readily discover that Cosmo, who has returned to the inn by ways that conspirators use, had some shady connection with that affair in the harbor. The Austrian police, discreetly informed, would do the rest. Only it would be better to catch two in a single trap at the palace, satisfying at once both private and public revenge. And Doctor Martel, who has sent his sailor-friends on a wild-goose chase after the felucca, will be able to do only feeble rescue work this time.

So the climax of "Suspense" would be somewhat like the climax of "The Arrow of Gold," except that the jealous Montevesso and his minions would substitute for that country cousin of Rita's in the other book. Told in its bare essentials, the melodrama of such a series of events stands out a little starkly. But we must remember that there is always melodrama in Conrad's plots. It is his fine sense for character and for the truth that lies under the surface of events that intellectualizes his materials. "Chance," the subtlest of his novels, ends with an attempt at murder by poison. "Lord Jim," "The Rescue," "Victory," "The Rover," "The Secret Agent," and others end in violence and bloodshed which somehow by Conrad's art are lifted into the dignity of tragedy. So even here we should not hesitate to propose a similar action for his unfinished work.

And here again fidelity, outraged, misunderstood, or misdirected, lies at the heart of the novel. Cosmo's half-guilty interest in the affairs of Napoleon diverts him from a friendship and a love where his protection and confidence might have been valuable at a critical time. And Adèle, who is the finest and most clearly drawn of Conrad's heroines, must suffer for a life so completely devoted to fidelity that it was sure not to be understood. On such people is the mark of disaster. The Palazzo Rignoli must know again, as in mediæval days, the tumult of arms and men. And for a drama of inevitables the one last inevitable must not be lacking. Death adds the final significance to the tale of fidelities stronger than death, though brought to the last pass by the ambitions of kings, the jealousy of husbands, the delay of lovers. And what is the sacrifice? Who will be the offering? Who, but the blameless Adèle who has done nothing but live with a devotion of a kind that men find unbelievable. The world dispenses with such persons. It prepares, rather, for the wild stir of its spectacular Hundred Days and the earth-shaking rout of Waterloo. There, if anywhere, a young Englishman of tender conscience might summon up to imagination the white serene face of her whose face was no mask, and ponder, as the Old Guard melted away to the cry of *sauve qui peut*, on the strangeness of earth's fidelities.

Contest Winners

The fifty winners of prizes list low may choose one volume each fr list of Conrad's works which app the lower left hand corner of this

Gerald Chittenden
Arnold Whitridge
Leon Kelley
John S. Wood
C. Lowell McPherson
Walter Millis
Margaret Baker Morison
Fanny Butcher
Roscoe B. Fleming
Margaret Gaylord Henderson
Elizabeth Gile
Elsa Brandon Bunn
Esther E. Galbraith
Thomas W. Galloway
Grace Freese
Fred T. Marsh
William Troy
Julia Gertrude Sullivan
Ellen Duvall
Ralph Richmond
Leonard Rehm
Elizabeth Oelrichs
Charlotte Towle
Agnes R. Hayes
Arthur de Rupel
John Law Mulrenin
Ralph Milne Farley
Edwin H. Hall
Ida Huglin
Walter F. Sellon
Robert Hillyer
Hildegarde Angell
C. Ralph Bennett
Marcelle Fiebault
Marjorie Stoneman Douglas
Philo Higley
Jeanne Calfee
Estelle Strawn Middlemas
Kenneth O. Force
Nannie H. Rice
James Colletti
Aileen Cleveland Higgins
Edwin Gibson
Lyman Bryson
H. A. Seklemian
E. C. McLean
H. R. Palmer
Arthur P. Woollacott
Elsie Gray
Ruth Cecil Pavey

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Columbia University Press

2960 Broadway New York, N. Y.

Columbia Verse

Edited by Cargill Sprietsma

16 mo. 132 pages. $1.90

Autographed edition in French-Japan Parchment $3.50

The charm of bygone college days drifts through these pages. Familiar names that have since become famous appear under many of these early poetic efforts. This little anthology of verse, written on Morningside Heights and published in Columbia undergraduate magazines between 1897 and 1924 brings back pleasant memories to old grads. As such it makes an excellent Christmas remembrance to an old college friend.

AT BOOKSTORES

Or direct from the Publishers

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Questions in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION

THE LIFE OF JOHN BURROUGHS. By *Clara Barrus.* (Houghton Mifflin.)

MANHATTAN TRANSFER. By *John Dos Passos.* (Harpers.)

SILHOUETTES. By *Sir Edmund Gosse.* (Scribners.)

C. K. D., New Haven, Conn., is making a collection of books bearing on present day conditions in Europe, for a reading club that is using Henry W. Stead's "Through Thirty Years," as a background, but wishes help in choosing books on reconstruction problems and biographies of leading statesmen.

"THOSE Europeans," by Sisley Huddleston (Putnam), has sketches of statesmen on the Continent—Masaryk, Caillaux, Clemenceau, Sikorski and others—and Philip Guedalla's "A Gallery" (Putnam) touches British statesmen such as Earl Curzon, Bonar Law, Austen Chamberlain, as well as men of letters. There are the various "Duster" volumes, of which I prefer the latest, "Windows of Westminster" (Putnam), not only because the subjects are more in line with the writer's own preferences, but because sympathetic studies of indurated conservatives are not easy to come by in these days. There is a standard biography, "Ramsay Macdonald," by "Iconoclast" (Seltzer), in addition to the sketches of him in books like Huddleston's; and the same anonymous author has a collection of studies of "England's Labor Rulers" (Seltzer). "Three Master-Builders and Another," by Pelham H. Box (Lippincott), is a comparative study of Mussolini, Lenin, Venizelos, and Woodrow Wilson.

"Europe Turns the Corner," by Stanley High, with an introduction by Col. House, and "The Political Awakening of the East," by Mathew Dutcher (Abingdon Press), are surveys of present-day world politics that will help an American to see his way in foreign news reports. "Poincaré," by Sisley Huddleston (Little, Brown), is a biography whose most important feature is the section on the Ruhr occupation. The fourth of a series of volumes on reparations and reconstruction has just come from the Institute of Economics established in 1922 by the Carnegie Corporation. This is "The Financial Problem of France," by H. G. Moulton and Cleona Lewis (Macmillan): it is possible to read this book fairly rapidly, getting a general idea of the situation and information that will make current newspapers mean more to the reader; while with the appendices it affords material for thoroughgoing treatment of the subject for it is well documented. Though H. A. Gibbons's "Europe since 1918" (Century) was published last year and was then so timely that it trod on the heels of tomorrow's newspaper, it has by no means lost its timeliness.

Philip Gibbs's "Ten Years After" (Doran) is a review of the uncertainties, reactions, and counter-attacks of this period of post-war adjustment in every country of Europe, and the evidences of a slowly growing spirit of peace. "The Dominion of Sea and Air," by Enid Scott Rankin (Century), is a book in the very nick of time, when air-legislation is still in the making and largely to be made. An enlightened public opinion is of the greatest importance here, and this book really throws light. "The Reforging of Russia," by Edwin Ware Hullinger (Century), brings the reader through the latest economic, social, and political readjustments, showing him Russia at the present day as a place to live, talk, and work in; it gives the reader a sense of being there.

These books help a reader in search of information; they are between blue-books and the periodical press. But the war is far enough away at last for books to be coming with more than information, books whose broad and reasoned vision makes them at once surveys and forecasts of contemporary history. Viscount Grey's "Twenty-Five Years" (Stokes) has the grandeur that emanates from a nature philosophic and in spite of storms serene, a spirit that can at the vortex of a European crisis remember that it is the Sunday on which young beech leaves are at their loveliest and regret that they must grow unvisited. But while this gives the book its quality, the matter is a detailed history of the many times the world almost went to war after 1892. If the reader will take the trouble to look up, in Gooch's "History of Modern Europe" (Holt)—every reference in the first volume to European complications, such as Fashoda, Agadir, Algeciras, he will get clear in his mind much that writers on contemporary history refer to without explanation, and emerge with a new idea of world history. If this sounds like counsel only for people retired from active life, I have taken it myself at the height of this busy season. Another clarifying book is J. A. Spender's "The Public Life" (Stokes), with examinations of the political structures of England, the United States, and France, and portraits of statesman in these countries. Translated from the German comes the book that swept Germany after the war, Keyserling's "Travel Diary of a Philosopher" (Harcourt, Brace). Only Spengler's "Downfall of Western Civilization" rivalled it in popularity then, and it has spread where the other is little known.

I. L. J., Wilton, Conn., looks for biographies of Turgeniev, Dostoievsky and Chehov.

THREE small books will give a right start to an American beginning to read these authors or Russian fiction in general. Edward Garnett's "Turgeniev" (Collins), with a foreword by Joseph Conrad; E. A. Soloviev's "Dostoiesky: His Life and Literary Activity" (Macmillan); and "Anton Chehov: a Critical Study" (Duffield), a book that will keep anyone reading as if it were a novel, whether or not he has a previous acquaintance with the author, William Gerhardi, author of "Futility." Readers of this brilliant novel who obeyed the call of Professor Phelps quoted on the cover of his new one, "The Polyglots" (Duffield)—"Hats off! a new force has appeared in fiction"—have by this time slid them at least halfway on again, awaiting further developments. "The Polyglots" has

(*Continued on next page*)

YOU ARE A WRITER. Don't you ever need help in marketing your work?

I am a literary adviser. For years I read for Macmillan, then for Doran, and then I became consulting specialist to them and to Holt, Stokes, Lippincott, and others, for most of whom I have also done expert editing, helping authors to make their work saleable.

Send for my circular. I am closely in touch with the market for books, short stories, articles and verses, and I have a special department for plays and motion pictures,

The Writers' Workshop, Inc.
135 East 58th Street
New York City

Mathilde Weil

85th Thousand!

Another Nation-Wide Success by the author of

IF WINTER COMES

ONE INCREASING PURPOSE

by A.S.M. HUTCHINSON

Issued in two volumes

$2.00 *wherever books are sold*

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.
Publishers.
Boston

At Leading News-stands

15c

By Subscription
$5 a year

TIME
25 West 45th Street
New York

McDEVITT-WILSON'S INC.
BOOKSELLERS
30 CHURCH STREET
NEW YORK
HUDSON TERMINAL BLDG

BOOKS
The Gift Supreme
for
CHRISTMAS

Speaking of Books

Oriental Interpretations of the Far-Eastern Problem

By Count Michimasa Soyeshima and Dr. P. W. Kuo

Japan's greatest problems, Count Soyeshima believes, are the domestic ones. He emphasizes the political aspects of the present situation, and predicts the triumph of democracy although he expresses some doubt whether popular government or misgovernment will result.

Dr. Kuo, President of the Southeastern University at Nanking, China, does for modern China what Count Soyeshima has done for Japan. He describes her political, economic, and social conditions, her position in Eastern Asia, and her relations with the United States.

$2.00, postpaid $2.10

THE University of Chicago Press
CHICAGO

FRANK SWINNERTON

The Elder Sister

"Above all else Mr. Swinnerton is the supreme analyst of the feminine soul"—*Boston Transcript.*

By the author of "Nocturne"

Two Dollars

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, New York
DORAN BOOKS

Selected Modern ENGLISH ESSAYS

The present selection is from writers working in the twentieth century, most of them happily still alive, and includes selections from the works of the well known writers, Alice Meynell, Austin Dobson, W. H. Hudson, Joseph Conrad, M. H. Hewlett, John Galsworthy, Hilaire Belloc, Max Beerbohm, C. K. Chesterton, J. Middleton Murry, and many other contemporaries of note. *Nett* 80c.

At all booksellers or from the publishers.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
American Branch
NEW YORK

You Should Own
The Story of Textiles

A beautifully printed account of the origin and development of fabrics. It tells the romance and history of a great industry. $5.00.

At your bookstore, or Walton Advertising & Printing Company, 88 Broad Street, Boston

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

more speed than force: the scenery blurs and there is no time to pick up the casualties.

When the student of literature comes to figure out what sick men have done for it, "The Letters of F. M. Dostoievsky," translated by E. C. Mayne (Macmillan), and "The Letters of Anton Chehov to his Family and Friends," translated by Constance Garnett (Macmillan), will enter as evidence. The first run true to form according to his novels, but the surprising feature of the second—unless one has had some experience with consumptives—is their joyous taking part in life, their bright looking forward.

A. H. B., Binghamton, N. Y., belongs to a round-robin reading club now in its thirty-sixth year. "Our novels must be not over a year old and of respectable standard of merit, not . .'s or . . . 's stuff (deleted). We are very tired of painted veils, though we do not think we are prudish. Is it possible to get together twenty-six recent worth-while novels, interesting but neither insipid nor indecent?" Letters of much the same sort come from S. P. W., Aberdeen, Wash., A. G. G., Stroudsburg, Pa., L. M. T., Plandome, L. I. and others who will please take the following as a reply.

SO FAR as I am concerned the Great American Novel has just been written by a Norseman, Johan Bojer, author of "The Great Hunger." "The Emigrants" (Century) makes world-history of a Norse settlement in North Dakota from its beginnings in the dissatisfactions of a handful of villagers on the fjord through the processes of assimilation. Bojer seems to be the only Scandanavian writer without the Nobel Prize: this book will no doubt lose him that distinction. Then there [illegible] late Nobel winner, Ladislas Reymont's "The Peasants" (Knopf), now [illegible]eted in four volumes. Never [illegible] he weather so soak into a book as this one; a city-dweller should be now and again reminded that the life of a real countryman is permeated by the elements he manages so to keep at arm's length. Two American novelists reach their highest technical development this year: in "The Professor's House" (Knopf) Willa Cather brings her most delicate art to bear upon tracing the pattern of a human life; so, after her own methods, now fully matured, does Ellen Glasgow in "Barren Ground" (Doubleday, Page). So does a beginner, Lorna Doone Beers, in "Prairie Fires" (Dutton), to me the best first novel of the year; it takes up the struggle of the farmer where "Growth of the Soil" left off—for Isak had only nature to fight, not other men. But "Prairie Fires" is no tract for the Non-Partisan League, but the years of a young woman's life in which a pattern begins to take shape.

The Harper award to Anne Parrish's "The Perennial Bachelor" has brought into the foreground the work of a writer of whom I have been hoping much since the appearance of her delicately satiric study, "A Pocketful of Poses." This is one of the most popular awards for years: everyone seems pleased. "Wild Geese" (Dodd, Mead), with which Martha Ostenso won almost as much as the Nobel, has a singularly maddening villain. His daughter throws an ax at him on page 241 and until a quicksand gets him on page 352 the reader reflects that what female education most needs is better marksmanship. Reading Floyd Dell's "Runaway" (Doran) I kept wondering whether the man in "The Moon and Sixpence" might not have felt something like this, supposing he had used the other half of his ticket to Tahiti—and supposing that that human crocodile could feel at all. For Mr. Dell's runaway runs not only there but back: it is a study of the rebound from radicalism.

"The Misty Flats," by Helen Woodbury (Little, Brown), tells what happened to a girl whose mother had the low-down trick of saying "Dont' do that: *it hurts mother*". For I protest, and always shall, that this is the lowest-down of any of the tricks played by parents. This is an excellent first novel. "Possession," by Louis Bromfield (Stokes), carries on the story and fulfils the promise of his "Green Bay Tree." Lucy Furman, in "The Glass Window" (Little, Brown), brings another echo from the Hindman Settlement in the Kentucky mountains, with more romance than in the others. In "Andrew Bride of Paris" (Houghton Mifflin), Henry Sydnor Harrison shows why some young folks leave America—and return. "Bread and Jam," by Nalbro Bartley (Doran), has the same sort of pull as her "A Man's Woman"—the novel that taught me that the *Satevepost* comes out on Thursdays. I was at the stand waiting, usually; and yet both this and the new novel capitalize one of the dearest delusions of middle-aged women. "Little Ships," by Kathleen Norris (Doubleday, Page), sympathetically reveals life and its problems as lived through in an American Catholic family.

I never thought the authentic Byron scandal could be treated so respectably as in E. Barrington's "Glorious Apollo" (Dodd, Mead); I don't see yet just how she manages to slide "Astarte" into the minds of the unsophisticated without jarring the works. Byron's Assyrian comes down like the wolf in William Stearns Davis's thrilling historical novel "Belshazzar" (Macmillan). "The Rim of the Prairie", by Bess Streeter Aldrich (Appleton), is a happy and nutritious book about ordinary folks.

The British novels are coming in like shocks from a battery. The only reason why I read Francis Brett Young's "Cold Harbour" (Knopf) in comparative calm was that I had just finished Hugh Walpole's "Portrait of a Man With Red Hair" (Doran), and feared no longer any thing. Such chills and thrills in both of them and pp. 300-314 of Walpole's book should be read with the eyes shut. When for relaxation I turned to a writer whose books have been restful enough, Phyllis Bottome, and, further reassured by a lady in pink evening-dress on the jacket, began "The Depths of Prosperity" (Doran), if it wasn't as hair-raising as any of them. Even "Georgian Stories" (Putnam), an annual selection that should be taken in regularly by those who wish to keep up with the London procession, has more than a small proportion of chills and thrills. But "An Octave," by Jeffery Jefferies (Little, Brown), is quiet enough, though about everything that can go wrong goes wrong in one week of the life of a heretofore prosperous and contented family. All at once everything is cleared up—and in that is the sting of the joke. Sheila Kaye-Smith's "The George and the Crown" (Dutton), is calm with the dignity of primitive creatures, men and women in England and the Channel Islands, and Galsworthy's volume of collected stories, "Caravan" (Scribner), moves for the most part at an appropriate pace, while a new novel by a new novelist, Naomi Royde-Smith, "The Tortoiseshell Cat" (Boni & Liveright), goes gaily to the accompaniment of charming conversation, though underneath there is a situation serious enough. This is one of those novels that give you the illusion of being a part of London life and habits.

And of course there is, if you must have it, A. S. M. Hutchinson's "One Increasing Purpose" (Little, Brown) appearing twice in the same place, in cloth and in leather, just like Marcus Aurelius. The hero of this work asks high heaven seventeen times in five short pages why he was spared. I do not know. I should think even high heaven would not know what to do with a hero who twitters.

H. P. C., Chattanooga, Tenn., asks for material for a paper on the Nobel Prize and its winners.

AT LAST I can answer this question, which comes every now and then, with the name of a single book. Anna Russell Marble has gathered in "The Nobel Prize Winners in Literature" (Appleton) the necessary information about these men and women and their work, and the book will be a valuable addition to a club reference library.

B.G.A., Florida, is looking for a short-cut through the novels of Dickens, which in her edition are printed in fine type, for a paper on "Dicken's Boys", for a club.

"CHILD CHARACTERS FROM DICKENS" (Dutton) is the stories of all the boys and girls in all the novels, told for the most part in his own words and with pictures you recognize. When the paper has been written you still have a story-book for children that would be worth owning.

Trade Winds

THE notion of a bookseller actually saying, in public, what he thinks about books and the divine comedy of publishing, has naturally aroused some indignation. It is said to be unseemly to admit that a bookseller rarely becomes wealthy. What always interests me most of all is just how my fellow-heroes of The Trade happened to get into the book business and what their early adventures were. For the most interesting and candid letter sent me on this subject by any bona fide bookseller I will give a choice of (1) an English briar pipe, (2) a pair of silk stockings, (3) a copy of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass."

I submitted the Children's Book Number of the *Saturday Review* to a boy of nine, asking him to read all the advertisements of books of juveniles and tell me which book sounded to him the most interesting. He studied the paper carefully, and without any hesitation chose "The Disappointed Squirrel," by W. H. Hudson (Doran).

A bookseller not far from here has got three months in the workhouse for having sold a volume of Frank Harris's Autobiography. I noticed some time ago that Harris's little ads urging people to write to him at Nice, Alpes Maritimes, for copies of his Autobiography, "first two volumes," (Heavens, is he writing another?) had suddenly disappeared from the literary journals. Probably a few confiding people learned that this was an excellent way to get into quod. Nice is a quaint place for Old Frank to live, because he emphatically isn't.

My own private test for a bookseller of acumen is, can he tell you offhand who wrote and who published "Ellen Adair" and "Helen Adair."

Percy Beach in Indianapolis has been sending round to other booksellers to get what he calls DECABIBS. A decabib is a list of the ten books the bookseller most enjoys selling, and which he himself tries to push for his own self-respect. Mr. Beach sends me the letters he has received. They give very interesting testimony as to the private tastes of booksellers themselves.

C. C. Parker, Los Angeles, says:

"In response to your request I herewith submit the titles of the following ten books which I would prefer to sell each day:

"The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft"—Gissing,
"Ethan Frome"—Wharton,
"Lavengro"—Borrow
"Romany Rye"—Borrow,
"Voltaire"—Tallentyre,
"Home Book of Verse"—Stevenson,
"Seven to Seventy"—Simmons,
"Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard"—France,
"John Marshall"—Beveridge,
"Travel Diary of A Philosopher"—Keyserling.

"Of course this represents only a small number of favorite books in this store. Anything of Thomas Hardy's, or Joseph Conrad's, or John Galsworthy's we always advocate."

Leonard Wells of Powers Mercantile Company, Minneapolis, says:

"There is nothing that I would rather sell one copy a day of than the 'Bookmans' Manual' by Bessie Graham, because if we could do this, I think it would be the means of educating and creating an interest in the really worthwhile literature of the ages and educating the present generation. My second choice would be the Bible, not from a viewpoint of religion but from a viewpoint of literature. Then I would suggest the following:

Sayings of Marcus Aurelius,
Plato's Dialogues,
Pepys's Diary,
Boswell's Johnson,
Johnson's "Dictionary,"
Montaigne's Essays,
Wiggam's "New Decalogue of Science,"
Barton's "Abraham Lincoln,"
Walter Page's "Letters,"
Beveridges's "Life of Marshall," and
"Slippy McGee."

Terence Holliday, New York City, lists:
"South Wind," by Norman Douglas,
"Those Barren Leaves," by Aldous Huxley,
"Dialogues in Limbo," by George Santayana,
"Affirmations," by Havelock Ellis,
"Mrs. Dalloway," by Virginia Woolf,
"Ulysses," by James Joyce,
"Dramatic Opinions and Essays," by Bernard Shaw,
"The Way of All Flesh," by Samuel Butler,
"Come Hither," by Walter de la Mare,
"Penguin Island," by Anatole France.

The Aries Book Shop, Buffalo, chooses:
"Travel Diary of a Philosopher," by Keyserling,
"When We Were Very Young," by Milne,
"Soundings," by Gibbs,
"The Peasants," by Reymont,
"The Forsyte Saga," by Galsworthy,
"Drums," by Boyd,
"Biography of John Keats," by Lowell,
"The Common Reader," by Woolf,
"The Dance of Life," by Ellis,
"The Janitor's Boy," by Crane.

Mr. Beach's own list is:
"Of Human Bondage," by Maugham,
"Ruggles of Red Gap," by H. L. Wilson,
"The Kasidah," by Burton,
"The Cream of the Jest," by Cab
"Pepy's Diary,"
"Penguin Island," by France,
"The Haunted Bookshop," by M
"The Shadow Line," by Conra
"The Oxford Book of English V
"Boswell's Johnson."

These lists were evidently, to son
tent, concocted hastily; but even so
give interesting evidence. Perhaps
day I may add my own Decabib.

P. E. G. QUEI

New

Run—don't walk—to your neare
seller:

* * *

The long-awaited Mencken book i

* * *

A *must* item for everybody inte
H. L. M.—

* * *

Ask for THE MAN MENCKEN,—

* * *

The biography by Isaac Goldberg:

* * *

Containing memorabilia, miscellany, marginalia, and rare Menckeniana,

* * *

Including words and music, fiction and photographs, letters and fragments by The Bad Boy of Baltimore——

* * *

Which are themselves worth the $4 price of this biography——

* * *

Remember the title: THE MAN MENCKEN.

* * *

More news:

* * *

FRAULEIN ELSE—

* * *

Arthur Schnitzler's novel which we have just published——

* * *

Is receiving the critical acclaim accorded it in Europe,

* * *

Where it is hailed as Schnitzler's masterpiece *and* a best seller:

* * *

Re-orders rushing in, third edition on way!

* * *

Remember: Schnitzler's FRAULEIN ELSE —$1.50.

* * *

Extra!

* * *

S & S *Fourth* Cross Word Puzzle Book is released Monday to a palpitant public.

* * *

In response to the customers' clamor—

* * *

Another Buranelli-Hartswick-Petherbridge production.

* * *

(Answers included in the volume this time.)

* * *

Again $1.35—

* * *

Again Venus Pencil-equipped—

* * *

Like the Circus, "Bigger and Better"—

* * *

Also like the Circus, not a craze, but a definite American institution!

Simon & Schuster
37 West 57th Street
New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Points of View

"A Fellow Needs—"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

The Editors of *Boys' Life*, the Boy Scouts' Magazine, are grateful to Mr. O. J. Lewis for his article, "Prep School for Rotarians", published in the November 7th issue of *The Saturday Review*. We say this not because we enjoy being jumped on (with both feet) but because it provokes discussion of children's reading, and the more we have of that, especially through such mediums as *The Saturday Review*, the more likely we are to get at the facts in the case.

It was Josh Billings who said, "It's best not to know so much than to know so much that ain't so." Mr. Lewis could profit by this time honored advice. For instance, referring to boys' magazines, he says, "All follow the custom of running reading matter over into the advertising pages, which in each case occupy two-thirds the bulk of the magazine." Quite the opposite is the fact, so far as *Boys' Life* is concerned, the average being two-thirds reading matter to one-third advertising. This observation is made not only to show that Mr. Lewis is given to exaggeration but also because we believe it indicates his contact with *Boys' Life* has been most casual, that at the most he only gave it a passing look. But that was enough! A passing look usually seems enough to men of his mind, who, like most reformers, draw their conclusions not from facts but from what they like or don't like. "Prejudice", says Israel Zangwill, "is dislike for the unlike", and *Boys' Life* is so unlike the literature Mr. Lewis revels in that it is to him altogether anathema. Some men of like passion, though not of like prejudice, recognize the timely as well as the timeless in literature. Not so with Mr. Lewis—he is a perfectionist to the last degree of refinement.

Mr. Lewis very freely indicts us for our sins, in that we make readers for *The Saturday Evening Post*, etc., etc., and are largely responsible for "the thousands swarming eventually into the dens of the Rotary Clubs and the Chambers of Commerce." We rise to ask just how he would, as he would have us do, offer "the directing gesture of an extended hand." We have read the article repeatedly and each time the conviction is strengthened that it is brimful of inconsistent and unsubstantiated conclusions, both made plausible by a style of writing very like the grand manner of speech possessed by a certain silver-tongued orator of international fame, but in the midst of the high sounding, glittering generalities not once did we come upon a single suggestion as to how he would edit a boys' magazine any differently. Which recalls the story of Dwight Moody, the Evangelist. A minister, talking with him, objected to his sensational methods. Mr. Moody asked the self-appointed critic how he would run a revival meeting. The man replied, "Oh, I don't have revivals in my church." Whereupon Mr. Moody said, "Well, I like the way I do it better than the way you don't do it."

As we see it, the chief trouble with Mr. Lewis (and what makes him blood relative of Vox Populi) is that he approaches the problem of the boy's reading from the viewpoint of the adult. We must get literature to the boy, says he. To him there seems to be no other salvation under heaven for boys save that found in the true god, Literature, and with the fire and fervor of a prophet of Israel he exhorts all, especially the Boy Scouts of America, to set no other gods before our youth. We answer that we also worship at the shrine of the true god, Literature, (afar off, we acknowledge, as compared with Mr. Lewis) but we come at the problem of a boy's reading quite differently. Our concern is how can we bring the boy to literature, not how can we bring literature to the boy. And, if we may be privileged to tell it here, this is the way we try to do it.

We start with the taste of the boy, first of all trying to understand it. We discover that it is very varied, changing often and always developing. We find, too, as we study the boy's reading interests in the light of modern physiology, hygiene, and psychology, that the boy mentally and morally and spiritually is being influenced by certain physical experiences which have a very positive in-

[illegible] reading Mr. [illegible] sense, reading [illegible] exercise of the [illegible] boys and girls, reading [illegible] involving quite [illegible] body, which [illegible] believe, the de- [illegible] development of [illegible] mental, and moral na-

[illegible] this is as regards his [illegible] nature. In the pre-pubescent [illegible] boy is growing rapidly, requiring [illegible] action. A little later comes puberty. Both of these experiences are common to both sexes and, in our opinion, explain in part at least the interest of both boys and girls in the story of action. "Now stirs the blood to bubble in the veins," and it is this exhilaration within the muscular and nervous system which excites the average boy's or girl's interest in a story in which there is "something doing" all the time.

Stanley Hall says: "In our haste to hurry the development of the tadpole into the frog, we might cut off its tail, but if we did we would not only destroy our tadpole but the frog as well, for it is the tail of the tadpole that provides material out of which the legs of the frog are developed." When the problem of a boy's reading is faced, so many are inclined to hurry him through the tadpole period and some would eliminate it altogether. As we see it, juvenile reading (*Boys' Life, The American Boy*, and such like) are to literature, so far as the boy is concerned, what the tail of the tadpole is to the legs of the frog, the material which helps him to develop his taste for literature. Librarians call this type of reading "stepping-stones" to literature, but in what sense? Not so much because there is very much similarity between the two in the sense of fine writing. Not that, but because in developing a taste for literature it is first necessary that the boy be thoroughly grounded in the mechanics of reading.

In learning to read there are several stages in the process and the last stage is the most difficult of all. The child begins with letters, which are put together into words, then into sentences. Gradually the child begins to read, with a vocabulary that is limited. It is easy to think that with an increase of vocabulary, the child reaches the last stage in learning to read. Not so, the final stage and most difficult yet remains,—and that is learning to see through words to ideas so that in reading scarcely any consideration at all will be given to looking at words—the mind concentrating only on following or finding the thought expressed. And when a boy is reading over and over again in *Boys' Life* and *The American Boy* and in books the stories he so much enjoys, stories written in a style simple and direct, that is what is happening. By means of these stories, often simple and repetitious, he is learning to look through words to ideas and by just so much is preparing himself to appreciate and understand literature.

Of course a boy is always growing out of such stories, as he is growing out of his clothes; but while the growing process is going on we should be as mindful, it seems to us, to gratify his taste for particular books as for particular clothes and, if carefully led,—as many as really have it in them so to do,—we believe in time will turn as naturally to great literature as he at last naturally turns from short pants to long trousers. True, by this method quite likely he will come eventually to read *The Saturday Evening Post* (and the newspaper also, for that matter) but as we see it, that too, like *Boys' Life* and *The American Boy* is not a stumbling block but a stepping-stone to literature.

FRANKLIN K. MATHIEWS
Chief Scout Librarian and Associate Editor of *Boys' Life*, the Boy Scouts' Magazine.

Irish and Scots

To The Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

The interesting article on Scotch poetry in the recent "Cursive and Discursive" columns reminds me of a subject which I have long wanted discussed. Like the majority of writers, the author seems to take for granted an essential similarity between the Irish and Scotch genius. Without venturing into the treacherous question of race, I have always felt that this grouping applied only to the Highlander, and perhaps not always to him. The Lowlander bears a number of earmarks of the Germanic type (in many respects quite different from the Celtic). Among such traits could be mentioned: a close realistic relation to the soil, a certain rugged preference of content to form, a serious, metaphysical cast of mind, and a genuine love of learning.

I have no desire to be unfair to the greatness of the Celtic and Latin influences in British literature. At the same time the Germanic element should not be deprived of its due. If memory serves me right, it was Matthew Arnold who emphasized the solidity of the Saxon strain, denying to it imagination. And historians of English literature have uncritically echoed this judgment. Thus R. P. Halleck ("History of English Literature") takes this position. However, he rather inconsistently admits the Saxon's romantic love for the sea and his use of picturesque metaphors.

If imagination means mere rapidity of cerebration, the Saxons were not the equals of the Normans or the Celts; but let us at least define our terms. Furthermore, let us be wary about repeating the hoary dicta regarding the Saxon tongue and traits, opinions which may well have originated with the conquering Normans.

LAMBERT A. SHEARS
New Milford, Conn.

An Objection

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

I have seen many foolish things in print, but perhaps one of the most absurd occurs in the article entitled "The Artist's Predicament," in the issue of *The Saturday Review* for October 24. The passage in question is as follows:

"Most people work because they have to earn a living or must find some outlet for their activity. Deliberately they choose and adopt their respective occupations, and if they do not succeed in them, they are free to discard and choose again."

If the author's knowledge of the æsthetic problems with which she is concerned in this article is on a level with her knowledge of economic conditions, I fear that she has something to learn. It is a notorious fact that most of us can not choose the occupations we would prefer, but drift or drop into some line of work sometimes far removed from that which we would choose were it in our power to follow our inclinations. It is equally well known that many of us are "round pegs in square holes" and that we remain so because the necessity for earning a livelihood gives us no chance to leave one occupation and adopt another. Would your contributor maintain that those who do the drudgery of the world have deliberately chosen their occupations and that many men are endowed with such an innate love of toil and hardship that they feel a burning ambition to be coal miners, hod carriers, or drivers of garbage wagons?

This writer apparently made the statement which I question for the sake of an antithesis, regardless of facts and logic. A careful reader who finds a thing of this kind in the introductory portion of an article professing to deal seriously with recondite matters is very likely to loose faith in what follows, and it is doubtful if a writer so ignorant of some of the fundamental facts of our social structure is in a position to contribute much of human value to any problem.

PAUL R. BIRGE.

Lord Grey's Memoirs

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

It will be clear to anyone who has read a few pages of the first volume of Lord Grey's "Twenty-five Years" (Stokes, 1925) that an apparently bad piece of proof-reading has been allowed to creep in on p. xix of the introduction; for the paragraph which begins at line 3 and finishes at line 8 is very obviously in its wrong place. This is best shown by the fact that Lord Grey starts his next paragraph with the words "I therefore asked Mr. J. A. Spender . . . .", the word "therefore" clearly qualifying and belonging to the sentences in the paragraph preceding the one starting on line 3: he says that "disability of impaired sight" has caused him to ask some friend to carry out the necessary research.

This in itself does not seem to be such a grievous matter as to warrant a letter on the subject, but I think it is due both to Lord Grey, to Mr. Spender, and to the other unnamed helpers to point out the following fact. In the English edition (Hodder and Stoughton, 1925) there is *no* such paragraph at all in the introduction: consequently pages xviii and xix read quite smoothly and easily.

Naturally one cannot accuse the American publisher of direct misrepresentation, but under what circumstances was this paragraph inserted? Was it written by Lord Grey? Was it printed with the sanction of Lord Grey or of his assistants? We should like a reassuring word from the publishers.

It is because the English edition so obviously has the correct printing that I ask these questions in justice both to the author and to his able collaborators.

G. L. G.

The New Books

Travel

(*Continued from page* 325)

sentiment and urbane learning. It is essentially the book of a London clubman with more than the average taste for literature and the human scene. That most of his little essays first appeared in *Punch, Chambers' Journal* and the London *Times* is a fair guarantee of their quality. But, unlike the ordinary clubman, Colonel Hawkes is as much at home in Belgravia or Shepherds Bush as he is in St. James; he understands the derelict actor, the club butler and the Chelsea hawker equally well and can sketch them all with a firm pen and considerable psychological insight. And his book abounds in such pleasant whimsicalities as may be found in one of its best essays, on the top-hat which survived Armageddon—"The head that wears a topper may have been bloody but it is unbowed . . . it remains the outward and visible sign of that inward and spiritual constancy to traditional ideals which in England will ever drive your Bolshevik to despair." Mr. Harper, very much the amateur, discusses London and its architectural history with more love than knowledge. He constantly gives us fascinating glimpses of things and places we should like to see: but always we are hurried on by his urgent voice and arm to something else and left wanting. The best part of his misty panorama may be seen in his own sketches to the unsatisfying letterpress.

THROUGH KHIVA TO GOLDEN SAMARKAND. By *Ella R. Christie*. Lippincott. $5.
THE "TEDDY" EXPEDITION. By *Kai R. Dahl*. Appleton. $3.
TEMPLE BELLS AND SILVER SAILS. By *Elizabeth C. Enders*. Appleton. $3.
HUNTING IN AFRICA EAST AND WEST. By *Charles P. Curtis, Jr.*, and *Richard C. Curtis*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.
RIDER'S CALIFORNIA. Compiled by *Frederic Taber Cooper*. Macmillan.
WHALING IN THE FROZEN SOUTH. By *A. J. Villiers*. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.
ON THE ROOF OF THE ROCKIES. By *Lewis R. Freeman*. Dodd, Mead.
A TROPICAL TRAMP WITH THE TOURISTS. By *Harry L. Foster*. Dodd, Mead. $3.

In his "Historia das Matematicas na Antiguidade" (Lisbon: Aillaud) Fernando de Almeida e Vasconcellos presents a clear and authoritative survey of the development of the earliest Egyptian records to the Middle Ages. His book is an important and authoritative study.

An engaging autobiographical record, Hermann Bahr's "Selbstbildnis" (Berlin: Fischer) is even more interesting as the portrayal of a spirit and a point of view that has passed with collapse of the Austrian Empire than it as the record of a talented dramatist and novelist. The spirit of the Austria that believed its capital held a civilizing mission in the world, that hoped for great things, loved life and culture and believed that its part among the nations would continue great, speaks from its pages.

Italy has its best-sellers by women as well as America, and among them two of the most widely read are Countess Daisy di Carpenetto's "Il Segreto della Pace" and "La Figlia dell 'Uragano" (Rome: Mondadori). Both tales are built about the familiar theme of the woman forced by circumstance to marry the man she does not love while another holds her affections, and both though crude and youthful in many respects have sufficient merits to attract attention.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You'll enjoy this trip with William McFee—and here's one proof:

"For many years," says the N. Y. *Times,* "we have been waiting for *the* book of travel. There is ground for belief that it has at last arrived. . . . Were it Zanzibar or Rangoon, or as per the book, the Delta of the Magdalena, Cartagena and Bogota, McFee would 'drift past the seekers of culture', and see (and write) with something of Dionysian ecstasy."

SUNLIGHT IN NEW GRANADA

By WILLIAM McFEE

Doubleday, Page & Co.
$3.50

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.
Garden City, New York.

Please send me your illustrated biographical booklet, WILLIAM McFEE. I enclose 10 cents in payment.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

The Phoenix Nest

THREE rousing cheers: we feel like shouting, "Three rousing cheers, for 'Three Rousing Cheers' by *Corey Ford!*" We have a special weakness for wholly idiotic books, and have particularly enjoyed the idiocy of Corey Ford. We have enjoyed it almost as much as we have *Gluyas Williams's* illustrations to the same volume, which, we may say, are superlative. *** Toward the end of the book *Don Stewart* and most of our current humorists, and also *Mr. Thomas Beer,* to say nothing of *Mr. Sherwood Anderson,* ("And Here let us say Nothing." *Nothing*) are called upon to make a few remarks, though, until they peruse the book, they will not realize it. *** *Sherlock Arlen* and *Michael Holmes* and *Rafael Curwood* and *James Oliver Sabatini,* and other current literary characters are also farced. *** Some may be tempted to exclaim, with Slim Jim, "What tarnation devvil's mockery is this?" To which we should merely reply, "Pretty good, at that!" *** *Norman Douglas* has gathered together essays, sketches, and stories under the modest title, "Experiments", and dedicates his book "To Bryher, who with infinite patience has exhumed and endeavored to revivify these smouldering remains." This is evidently *Winifred Bryher,* whose earlier work *Amy Lowell* praised and who is now one of the prime movers of the *Contact* group of writers in Paris. Probably she was instrumental in gathering together from various journals in which they originally appeared the fugitive reviews, etc. The book opens with a review of "Arabia Deserta" and closes with the "*D. H. Lawrence* and *Maurice Magnus*" paper, already well-known. *** It seems a pity that so trifling a review of unimportant books (with the exception of *Frost* and *Gibson*) should have been included as the paper called "Poetry." It is of no importance whatsoever, and save for the typically English remark, "Nowhere on earth, they say, is more derivative nonsense printed under the name of poetry than in America" there is no comment even provocative. Naturally. But two questions occur to us. How was it that Norman Douglas came to review such nonentities as *Lily Nightingale, Charles Robert Smith,* and *Carlos Wupperman?* And *who* are those who say that about American poetry? It is not that there is not "derivative nonsense" printed under the name of poetry in America, but, according to our own observation, there is an even greater amount published in England. *** "Friends of Mr. Sweeney" by *Elmer Davis* is a new book of farcical adventures by a rather entertaining writer. *** *Robert Haven Schauffler's* "Peter Pantheism" is a book of amusing fugitive papers. *** Dutton's "Broadway Translations" have added "The Mirror of Venus" (translations of Latin love poems, made by *F. A. Wright,* Cantab), "Il Novellino" (Three Hundred Old Tales) translated from the Italian by *Edward Storer;* and "The History of the Damnable Life and Deserved Death of Doctor John Faustus 1592" etc., both modernized and edited by *William Rose,* M. A., Ph. D. *** We see that *Hugh Walpole* has been taking *H. L. Mencken* to task in the *Bookman* for pitching into English fiction. We cannot help thinking Mr. Walpole's points well taken,—though the discussion between these two gentlemen comes down to a matter of personal opinion concerning the writers involved. *** In an unusually interesting issue of *The Atlantic* (the November number), enlivened especially by a conversation in the Galapagos between *William Beebe* and a Marine Iguana, as imagined by *Edward Wilson,* there is an article of great clarity by *Hudson Hoagland,* concerning the climax of a famous psychic investigation. *** "The case of *'Margery',*" says a note to the article (by the Atlantic editors), "a subject of widespread comment during the past year, offers unusual opportunity for the application of scientific method to study of supernormal phenomena". "Margery", *Mrs. L. G. R. Crandon,* wife of a prominent Boston surgeon, "apparently developed mediumistic powers about three years ago". Mr. Hoagland's article is an account of the scientific investigation of these powers. There had already been an unsatisfactory investigation by a committee appointed by the *Scientific American,* in April 1924. *** Apparently there were three simple findings in this new investigation, of which, incidentally, the newspapers have made an astounding hash,—viz, to wit: that all the "phenomena" were trickery; that the investigators know exactly how each trick was done; and that the psychic, having been in a trance (possibly), may not have known what she was doing. The investigation possesses literary interest, inasmuch as the chief investigators beside Mr. Hoagland, who is now studying for a doctorate in psychology at Harvard, were three hard-headed poets, *S. Foster Damon, Grant Code,* author of two books of poems, "Volume One" and "Volume Two", (Mr. Code was able to reproduce all "phenomena" produced by the psychic), and *Robert Hillyer,* whose latest volume of verse, "The Halt in the Garden", has just been issued with a preface by Arthur Machen in London (Elkins Mathews).*** Mr. Hoagland's article is one of the few accounts of such investigations that we have read which seems to us entirely impartial, rational, kindly, but at the same time impeccably accurate and convincing. *** "Marjorie's" demonstrations were never remunerated in any way and it is the belief of everyone on the committee that Dr. Crandon is sincere in his belief of the "control", "Walter", as a supernormal reality. It is added, "we believe that a large number of Mrs. Crandon's phenomena have been produced by automatisms aided by high sensitivity to suggestion and a certain amount of amnesia". *** But ectoplasm and teleplasm always did seem phony to us, and now we are sure of it! *** Greenberg, Inc. the comparatively new publisher, has brought out two picture books by *Tony Sarg* which we did not have on hand for mention in the Children's Book Week Number. *** The larger of these is "Tony Sarg's Book of Animals," written and illustrated with delightful humor, and the smaller is "Tony Sarg's Wonder Zoo", in a special Tony-Sarg-illustrated envelope for mailing, with full page pictures and rhymes. *** Scribner's has published a third volume of fox-hunting and horsey poems by *Will H. Oglivie,* who wrote "Galloping Shoes" and "Scarlet Letter." This new one is called "Over the Grass." and illustrated in color, as usual, by *Lionel Edwards.* Oglivie's verse has swing. *** The American Merchant Marine Library Association is getting under weigh a "Send a Book to Sea" campaign. The book collection dates are from November 16th to November 23rd, and if you have a book to spare for the Public Library of the High seas, by all means send books by parcel post or express to the American Merchant Marine Library Association, 82 Beaver Street, New York City (Telephone, Bowling Green 0220.) *** *Carl W. Shattuck* is the Director of the Association. In our Merchant Marine or the Coast Guard are many men who would like to read what you have to pass on. *** Or, you can mark the books plainly "for seamen" and deliver them to any branch of the New York Public Library—59th Street Branch, 121 East 58th Street; Riverside Branch, 190 Amsterdam Avenue. *** The Centaur Press announces for publication, "Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine and Other Essays", by *D. H. Lawrence.* Nearly half of the book is devoted to "The Crown", which *E. M. Forster* calls the finest of Lawrence's shorter pieces. *** It was *John T. Frederick* to whom *Rebecca West* referred when she said in her provocative Harper article, "These American Men",

> There was one, I remember, who especially had this Lincoln look. He was very patiently writing books in the manner of Flaubert about the life of this Middle Western State. . . . writing in the full knowledge that he was unlikely to achieve anything satisfyingly close to perfection, since it is improbable that any medium native to the Old World is exactly suited to express the soul of the New World.

You must know John T. Frederick, editor of *The Midland!* His second novel, "Green Bush", is now available. *** Another posthumous poetic drama by *James Elroy Flecker* is being published by Knopf in the same attractive format that characterized "Hassan." It is his "Don Juan". *** We wish to go on record as having been profoundly impressed by the power of two long poems we have read recently. The first is "Two Lives" by *William Ellery Leonard,* published by the Viking Press; the second is "The Tower Beyond Tragedy", in "Roan Stallion, Tamar, and Other Poems," by *Robinson Jeffers.* *** It is fine to realize that there is work of such intensity and scope still being published! *** And here, as Corey Ford always remarks in "Three Rousing Cheers", "here let us say goodbye."

THE PHOENICIAN

BORZOI BOOKS

The Professor's House by **Willa Cather**
A GIFT EDITION
The most popular of Miss Cather's books and the best novel of the season is now offered in an attractive gift edition. Bright blue or green canvas back stamped in gold with orange Borzoi Batik sides in a gay slip case. $2.50

Don Juan
By James Elroy Flecker
Another play by the author of HASSAN which combines some of the best poetry written by Flecker with the satiric view of life that the subject demands. $2.00

A Sentimental Journey
By Laurence Sterne
Limited edition of 2050 numbered copies of which 2000 are for sale. With 12 wood engravings by Wilfred Jones.
For the first time the book appears in a format worthy of its literary quality. Prepared under the personal supervision of Mr. Elmer Adler, it adds to the art of the writer that of the printer and illustrator. $5.00

The Art Theatre
By Sheldon Cheney
With sixteen new illustrations
This book affords a bird's-eye view of the recent "art theater movement" in America and Europe. It is in addition a mine of detailed information about modern drama, acting, the new stagecraft, community theater organization, theater architecture, etc. As a narrative of the adventures of the new theater it is entertaining beyond the ordinary run of critical works. $3.50

Broomsticks and Other Tales
By Walter de la Mare
Announcing the publication of that supreme juvenile, BROOMSTICKS AND OTHER TALES, by Walter de la Mare, illustrated with woodcuts by Bold. The first collection of Mr. de la Mare's short stories for children is already marked as a juvenile classic, simple enough for the youngster yet intriguing and stirring the adults by its beauty. $3.50

ALFRED A. KNOPF
730 Fifth Avenue, New York

BORZOI BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

AT THE AMERICAN ART GALLERIES.

THE library of Mrs. Hamilton Fish of this city, comprising fine art monographs, French illustrated books of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, standard library sets and many other desirable volumes was sold at the American Art Galleries November 4, 604 lots bringing $17,528. The highest price, $1,700, was paid for a manuscript antiphonal on vellum written and illuminated for the Church of St. Germain, Paris, 1729.

Other representative lots and the prices realized were the following:

Boccaccio (Giovanni). "Le Decameron," illustrated by Wagrez, 3 vols., royal 4to, levant by Kauffman, Paris, 1890. Edition de Grande luxe. $100.

Bouchot (Henri). "La Miniature Française, 1750—1825," 4to, morocco, Paris, 1907. Limited edition. $70.

Bridgewater Gallery, with descriptive and historical text by Lionel Cust, atlas folio, boards, Westminster, 1903. Limited edition. $77.50.

Browning (Robert). "Poetical Works," 17 vols., 8vo, half calf, London, 1888—1894. Large paper edition. $80.

Cervantes (Miguel de). "Don Quixote," 4 vols., royal 4to, calf, Madrid, 1780. Engravings by Spanish artists. $115.

Cooper (James Fenimore). "Complete Works," 32 vols., 8vo, half morocco, New York, n. d. Leather Stocking edition. $100.

Dickens (Charles). "Works," 30 vols., 8vo, calf by Reviere, London, 1875. Illustrated library edition. $225.

Fiske (John). "Writings," 24 vols, 8vo, cloth, Cambridge, 1902. Edition de luxe. $90.

Flaubert (Gustave). "Salammbo," 2 vols., royal 4to, levant by Durvand, Paris, 1900. Limited edition. $110.

Harte (Bret). "Writings," 20 vols., 8 vo, buckram, Boston, 1896—1903. Author's autograph edition. $420.

Holmes (Oliver Wendell). "Works," 15 vols., 8vo, half vellum, Boston, 1892—96. Artist's edition. $75.

Horace. "Quinti Horatii Flacci Opera," 2 vols., 8vo, morocco, London, 1733—1737. Rare first issue. $93.50.

Hugo (Victor). "Works," 43 vols., 4to, half levant by Kauffmann, Paris, 1885—95. National edition. $175.

McKinney and Hall. "History of North American Indians," 3 vols., folio, morocco, Philadelphia, 1838—44. First edition. $[illegible].

Irving (Washington). "Works," 40 vols., calf, three-quarter morocco, New York, 1895. Holly edition. $130.

Johnson (Samuel). "Works," 11 vols., 8vo, half morocco, London, 1787. $70.

Ovid. "Les Metamorphoses," 4 vols., 4to, antique calf, Paris, 1767—1771. $245.

"The Song of Roland," translated by Isabel Butler, folio, illuminated boards, Cambridge, 1906. Edition limited to 200 copies. Designed by Bruce Rogers at the Riverside Press. $135.

Saint-Simon (Duc de). "Memoirs," 20 vols., 8vo, levant, by Chambolle-Duru, Paris, 1856—58. Extra illustrated. $480.

Stevenson (Robert Louis). "Works," 30 vols., 8vo, Buckram, Edinburgh, 1894. Edinburgh edition. $310.

Stockton (Frank R.). "Novels and Stories," 23 vols., 8vo, half morocco, New York, 1899—1900. Shenandoah edition. $150.

Stowe (Harriet Beecher). "Writings," 12 vols., 8vo, cloth, Cambridge, 1896—97. Autograph edition. $85.

Tennyson (Alfred). "Works," 12 vols., 8vo, morocco, New York, 1895—98. Autograph edition. $102.50.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS WANTED

THE analysis of the monthly want advertisements for first editions of modern authors compiled from the desiderata of second hand booksellers as printed in English trade papers and reported in *The Bookman's Journal* shows an unabated interest in this field of collecting. The fifteen leaders in a list of sixty authors with the number of want advertisements indicated are as follows: Rudyard Kipling, 124; R. L. Stevenson, 96; Anthony Trollope, 54; Sir H. Rider Haggard, 45; Joseph Conrad, 42; James Stephens, 35; A. A. Milne, 35; George Moore, 34; John Galsworthy, 33; George Gissing, 31; W. M. Thackeray, 31; Sir J. M. Barrie, 29; W. H. Hudson, 29; Sir A. Conan Doyle, 28; Andrew Lang, 27. As we have frequently remarked, the English collectors are using a good deal of discrimination in their collecting of the first editions of the authors of their own times. The above list of the fifteen leaders shows it.

PEN PORTRAIT OF GEORGE ELIOT.

IN A letter written to his wife January 7th, 1880, to be sold November 24 at the American Art Galleries, Bret Harte writes as follows in regard to a visit to George Eliot:

"I spent a delightful hour with George Eliot (Mrs. Lewes) on Sunday last, at her house. I was very pleasantly disappointed in her appearance, having heard so much of the plainness of her features. But I find them only strong, intellectual, and noble—indeed, I have seldom seen a grander face. I have read somewhere that she looked like a horse—a great mistake, as, although her face is long and narrow, it is only as Dante's was. It expresses elevation of thought, kindness, power, and humor. It is, at times, not unlike Starr King's—excepting King's beautiful eyes. Mrs. Lewes's eyes are gray and sympathetic, but neither large nor beautiful. Her face lights up when she smiles, and shows her large white teeth. She reminds you continually of a man—a bright, gentle, lovable, philosophical man—without being a bit masculine. Do you understand me? Of course, her talk was charming. It was wise and sweet and humorous. It was like her books—or her written speech when she moralizes—but I thought it kinder and less hard than some of her satire. She said many fine things to me about my work, and asked me to come again to see her, which was a better compliment, as she has, since Lewes's death, received no one."

FORTHCOMING SALE OF MSS.

ON NOVEMBER 24, first editions of modern American and English authors, choice standard sets, autographs of noted persons, including a splendid series of the presidents of the United States, mainly from the library of Alexander W. Hannah of Chicago, together with a remarkable collection of letters and manuscripts of Bret Harte, consigned by order of his grandson, Geoffrey Bret Harte, will be sold at the American Art Galleries. The series of letters signed by Bret Harte, combined with those that will be sold in subsequent sales, form the most extensive and important personal correspondence of this famous author. The letters are addressed to his wife—mainly, "My dear Nan"—and are signed either "Frank" or "Limick." A few are addressed to his son, Frank K. Harte. Many are of extreme length and interest. Some were written in California, some from Grefeld where Bret Harte was American consul for two years, others from Glasgow, where he was American Consul for about five years, and the balance were written during the remainder of his life while he was living in London. Many make mention of his works, and many are unpublished. This is an opportunity that will come to the Bret Harte collector but once.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

IN THE new "Life of John Burroughs," there are many references to Whitman, and in one Burroughs says: "I loved him as I never loved any man. We were companionable without talking. I owe more to him than to any other man in the world. He brooded me; he gave me things to think of; he taught me generosity, breadth, and an all embracing charity. He was a tremendous force in my life."

"So much has been written of late concerning the spectacular libraries of J. Pierpont Morgan and Henry E. Huntington that the older collectors, booksellers and auctioneers are almost forgotten," says Ernest Dressel North in *The Book Lover's Quarterly*. "Such remarkable libraries as those collected by John Jacob Astor, Samuel J. Tilden, and James Lenox of New York; John Carter Brown and Rush C. Hawkins of Providence; George Brinley of Hartford, and C. W. Frederickson of Brooklyn and the various libraries that were given to the Boston Public Library, bring to mind the fact that book collecting on a large scale is not entirely a modern interest but was well under way in the middle of the last century."

The library of the City of Frankfort has come into the possession of a hitherto unknown and forgotten score of the eighteenth century with this superscription, "Entr'actes and choruses to Lanassa" by Kappelmeister Mozart.

Erratum

B. W. Huebsch and the Viking Press announce that early copies of "Two Lives," by William Ellery Leonard, contain an unfortunate mistake in the text. This consists of a transposition of lines 2 and 3 on page 63, spoiling the sense of the stanza. Nearly all of the limited edition and about 800 copies of the regular edition (including review copies), were distributed before the error was discovered. If these are returned to the publishers, 30 Irving Place, New York, the faulty page will gladly be replaced.

COUNTER ATTRACTIONS

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS :: PRINTERS & BINDERS :: WRITERS' SERVICES

Single insertion rate: 6 cents a word

BARGAIN OFFERS

BOOKLOVERS FIND PLEASURE IN visiting our interesting Shop, where our choice and richly varied stock in all departments of Literature, Art and Science is offered at Reasonable Prices. Catalogues issued. Out-of-Print Books supplied. Large or small collections of Books bought for cash. Dauber & Pine, Inc., 83 Fourth Ave., New York. Telephone Stuyvesant 1383.

NEW BOOK BARGAINS: The first price given on the following items is the publishers, ours follows. Van Loon, Story of the Bible, $5.00-$2.50; Wells, Short History of the World, $4.00-$2.50; Stevenson, Famous Crimes and Criminals, $3.00-$1.50; Lawrence, Sea and Sardinia, $5.00-$3.50; Robert Frost, North of Boston, $2.00-$1.00; Lomer, Writing of Today, $2.00-65c; Lear, Nonsense Book, complete with original illustrations, $2.00-$1.00. Send in your order today, allowing 10 per cent for postage. Ask for our bargain catalog of new books at reduced prices. Woodworth's, 1311 East 57th Street, Chicago, Ill.

SEIFFERS, NATIONAL BOOKSELLERS, will send postpaid and insured, any book mentioned or reviewed anywhere, upon receipt of Published price. Catalogues free. 832 Westchester Ave., New York.

RARE EDITIONS

OLD AND MODERN FIRST EDITIONS from De Foe to de la Mare, Color Plate Books, Fine Printing, Modern Presses, Association Copies, Sets in limited editions, are included in our Rare Book catalogue No. 160. Sent free on request. Goodspeed's, 9a Ashburton Place, Boston.

RARE BOOK CO., 99 Nassau St., New York, dealers in old historical books, Christian Science literature, old laws, autographed letters. Catalogues furnished.

FIRST EDITIONS. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Good literature at modest prices. Monthly catalogues issued. Oxford Book Shop, Alfred T. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., at 24th Street.

FIRST EDITION old and rare books. M. E. Northwall, 641 Peters Trust Bldg., Omaha, Nebr.

ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS. Interesting catalogue of Books from 15th to 20th Century, mailed free on application. Howes Bookseller, St. Leonards-on-Sea, England.

CATALOGUE ON REQUEST. First editions (D. H. Lawrence, Machen, etc.), Publications of Nonesuch Press, Bruce Rogers, items, and other choice and interesting books. Moderately priced. J. Henry Guntzer Jr., 51 North Regent St., Port Chester, N. Y.

RARE BOOKS in English and French. Catalogue on request. ADELINE ROBERTS, 51 West 49th Street, New York. Open evenings. Circle 8130.

SPECIALISTS

WE SPECIALIZE in furnishing books for fixed monthly or yearly sums to persons anywhere in the world. Suggestions for reading based on individual needs or wishes made without charge. Circular without obligations. The Arnold Company, Equitable Building, Baltimore, Md.

THE NORTH NODE, an Occult Book Shop, 114 East 57th St. Books on Occultism, Mysticism, Metaphysics, Astrology, The Kabbalah, The Tarot, Hermetics, Alchemy, Symbolism, The Rosicrucians, Theosophy, Comparative Religions, Ancient Civilization, Mythology, Folklore, and kindred subjects—old, rare and out-of-print, new and contemporary.

WRITERS' SERVICE

MANUSCRIPTS CRITICIZED, Revised, Typed. Advice as to markets, Twenty-five years as writer, editor, publisher. Circular on request. Also catalog thirty text-books for writers. James Knapp Reeve (Founder and former editor of The Editor) 3 Alex Bldg., Franklin, Ohio.

FOR WRITERS. All bibliographical information on Russian authors, Russian Art, intellectural movements and especially Russian literature supplied by Mrs. K. N. Rosen, Box 39, Croton on Hudson, N. Y.

FOREIGN LITERATURE

FRENCH AND GERMAN CHRISTMAS cards, Calendars, gift books. Catalogues on request. Schoenhof's 387 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Established 1856.

LANGUAGES

WORLD-ROMIC SYSTEM, MASTERKEY to all languages. Primers, $1.94; Chinese, French, Spanish, Alphagams, 30c. Dictionaries, $1.98. Languages, 8 West 40th, New York.

GENERAL ITEMS

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS, current books of English and American fiction, poetry, drama, criticism, art, essays, can now be procured from Eugene Pell, 1203 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MAX N. MAISEL, 424 GRAND STEEET, NEW YORK. The first bookstore in New York (Established 1893) to discern the oncoming of an American intelligentsia and to gather and carry the best collection of good books for the intellectual reader.

EVERY BOOK IN CREATION. Pratt, 161 Sixth Ave., New York.

SEND FOR CATALOG of most interesting books in the world. Dr. French, 2407 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

POETRY: BARGAIN LIST of Shelf-Worn and second hand stock, free. Woodworth's Book Store, 1311 E. 57th St., Chicago.

"THE WORLD AT MIDNIGHT" contains each month our unusual catalog of odd and strange books, autographs, prints and literary curiosities. Open Book Shop, 58 West Washington, Chicago.

CURRENT ENGLISH BOOKS. The Holliday Bookshop, 49 East 49th St., New York.

PLAYS wanted, especially original work by new writers. Frieda Fishbein, Play Broker, 104 West 42nd St., New York City.

CONDOR'S BOOKSTORE, 65 Fifth Ave. Scarce items. Biggest bargains in New York. Come in. Catalogue ready.

CATALOG NO. 5 IN PRESS. Comprising books on Modern Art, Architecture, Anatomy, Advertising, Typography, Costume, Theatre, etc. GOTHAM BOOK MART, 51 W. 47th St.

Books on every phase of American History; genealogy; local history. Catalogs on request. The Cadmus Book Shop, 312 West 34th St., New York.

100,000 NEW, OLD AND RARE BOOKS on all subjects. Hundreds of sets and first editions. Stock always changing. Books bought, complete libraries or small collections. Inquiries welcome. Catalogue on request. Madison Book Store, 61 East 59th Street, New York.

READ ANY BOOK FREE. Delivered to your New York City business or home address. Phone or write Hermes Travelling Library Service. 81 Nassau St. Courtland 4689.

JUST OFF THE PRESS. The Trial of Jesus Christ, by Prof. Andrew C. Bisek. Lit. B., B. J., L. L. D., professor at Chicago Law School. A discussion of the legal aspect of this world's greatest trial in every day language. It answers the question: Was the trial of Jesus a legal proceeding or the operation of the spirit of the mob. Autographed $5.00. Progressive Press, 1158 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

THE COCK AND THE HEN, charming Czechoslovak Folk Tale, artistically illustrated in vivid colors, ENGLISH Edition, $2.50, SZALATNAY, 542 East 79., New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books on all subjects quickly supplied at lowest cost. We also specialize in first editions, rare items, genealogies, magazines, English books, etc. No charge or obligation for this service. Announcements free. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, Dept. 326, 500 Fifth Ave., New York. Longacre 10438 (Largest exclusive out-of-print specialists in the world.)

OUR OUT-OF-PRINT SERVICE searches without obligation for books, magazines, genealogies, English publications, special items, etc. Items quoted at moderate prices. National Bibliophile Service, 1270 Broadway, New York. Pennsylvania 2986.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NO MORE PARADES
By FORD MADOX FORD

"Mr. Ford is a mature artist of the first rank and *No More Parades* is evidence of that fact from first word to last. Among the most important novels of the year."
—*The New York Evening Post.*

"The first mature, unbiased statement of a clear and comprehensive view of the world war." $2.50
—*New York Times.*

AT THE SIGN OF THE SUN
by Virginia MacFadyen

A GLAMOROUS tale, by the author of *Windows Facing West*, in which the utterly primitive in time and place and character makes our modern actions seem age old. $2.00

BEGGARS OF LIFE
by Jim Tully

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT: "The author of *Outside Looking In* (the first good play of the current season) was indebted to Tully, whose misty memories of Vagabondia have recently been set down in his authentic and deeply interesting auto biography."

Gilbert W. Gabriel: "A recital of vivid integrity and grinning pity." $3.00

IN THE AMERICAN GRAIN
by William Carlos Williams

TWENTY studies of personalities, ranging from Red Eric and Christopher Columbus to Lincoln, representing different phases of American history. $3.00

COLLECTED STORIES
by Fitz-James O'Brien
with an introduction by Edward J. O'Brien

IF you haven't read *The Diamond Lens*, or *The Wondersmith*, two stories in this volume, you have missed two of the greatest short stories ever written."—*New York Evening Post.* $2.00

CLAIRE LENOIR
by Villiers de L'Isle-Adam

"IN reading him you pass from exaltation to buffoonery with the turn of a page and are never quite sure whether he is speaking seriously or in jest."—*From the preface.* $2.00

"MELLOWS"
By R. Emmet Kennedy

NEGRO work songs, street cries and spirituals. A chronicle of unknown singers. By the author of *Black Cameos. Profusely illustrated by Simmon Persons. Large quarto.* $5.00

THE JESUIT RELATIONS
Edited by EDNA KENTON

THIS book for the first time makes available in a readable form the Relations, or Narratives, written by the Jesuit missionaries in North America during the 17th century.

For any one interested in the stark beginnings of American history—the perils coped with in the heart of the wilderness—these thrilling first-hand Narratives are invaluable. *Illustrated with rare prints and maps.* $5.00

KEPT
By ALEC WAUGH
Author of Card Castle

"A PICTURE of London today. The way whole sections of cocktail drinking Londoners live. Daring? Well, all the incidents are in the picture; they are justified." *3d large printing* $2.00

MICHAEL SCARLETT
by James Gould Cozzens

THE tremendous verve, smash and swing with which the young Elizabethans met life are fully captured in this romantic novel. $2.00

THE GREEN ARCH
by Claude C. Washburn

A ROMANTIC love story filled with glowing and mysterious adventures in a seemingly enchanted forest. By the author of *The Prince and The Princess.* $2.00

THE FAMILY ALBUM
by Arthur "Bugs" Baer
with an introduction by Gilbert Seldes

"BUGS" Baer is a figure to be reckoned with in the seven lively arts. He entertains millions of readers daily. He writes and thinks as no one else writes and thinks . . . in a refreshing way, it is genius. *Illustrated.* $1.50

THE BEGINNINGS OF HISTORY ACCORDING TO THE JEWS
by Charles Prospero Fagnani

A NEW translation of the first eleven chapters of Genesis, with a foreword and a conclusion by a Professor in the Union Theological Seminary. $1.00

JUNE GOES DOWNTOWN
by Howard Dietz

A FAIRY TALE for city children. *With many illustrations by Frank Peers.* $2.00

THE CRAZY FOOL
by Donald Ogden Stewart

"THE Alice in Wonderland of modern American urban life." — *Burton Rascoe.*

"JURGEN is this era's romance; Ulysses is its realism; and The Crazy Fool is its uninhibited humour. We recommend it as Folly's ultimate masterpiece."
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*
Now in its 20th thousand. $2.00

WINOLD REISS

ALBERT & CHARLES BONI,
39 West 8th St, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED